# VOGUE

60¢
MAY

WHAT
IT TAKES
TO BE
IN BEAUTY
THIS
SUMMER

CITY CHIC
WITHOUT
CLICHÉS

CLOTHES
ON THE
AZURE
WEATHER-TRACK

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BUT MY MIND SHOWS"
BY MARYA MANNES



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# The Quick Black Costume $145

It says "news" almost before you can blink. It dashes its way into summer free of sleeves, and full of the *brio* a costume must have this season. The crisp Swiss-cotton ottoman was clipped and carved for us by Teal Traina with a back-flashing jacket that swings on over the easy, camisoled dress. In brisk black, frosted mocha and a very newsy white.
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MAY, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

# VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Great big white lace roller—sheer, starched, straw-crisp—worn as big-brimmed hats were in Paris: at full tilt, on the back of the head. The rest of the look: a buttery silk scarf; easy white cotton sateen suit—the jacket bloused, cord-belted; soft skirt with the new apron front. Hat by Christian Dior-New York, of Swiss cotton lace. Silk twill scarf by Bersoie. Suit (with Syl-mer water-repellent finish), by Tiffeau & Busch, about $110. All at Bonwit Teller. Hat and scarf, also at I. Magnin; suit, also at Montaldo's. To wear with white: skin that looks as though summer were here; softer make-up (peach or melon-coloured lipstick); strong hair with height on top, flat at the sides.

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Editorial Advisor

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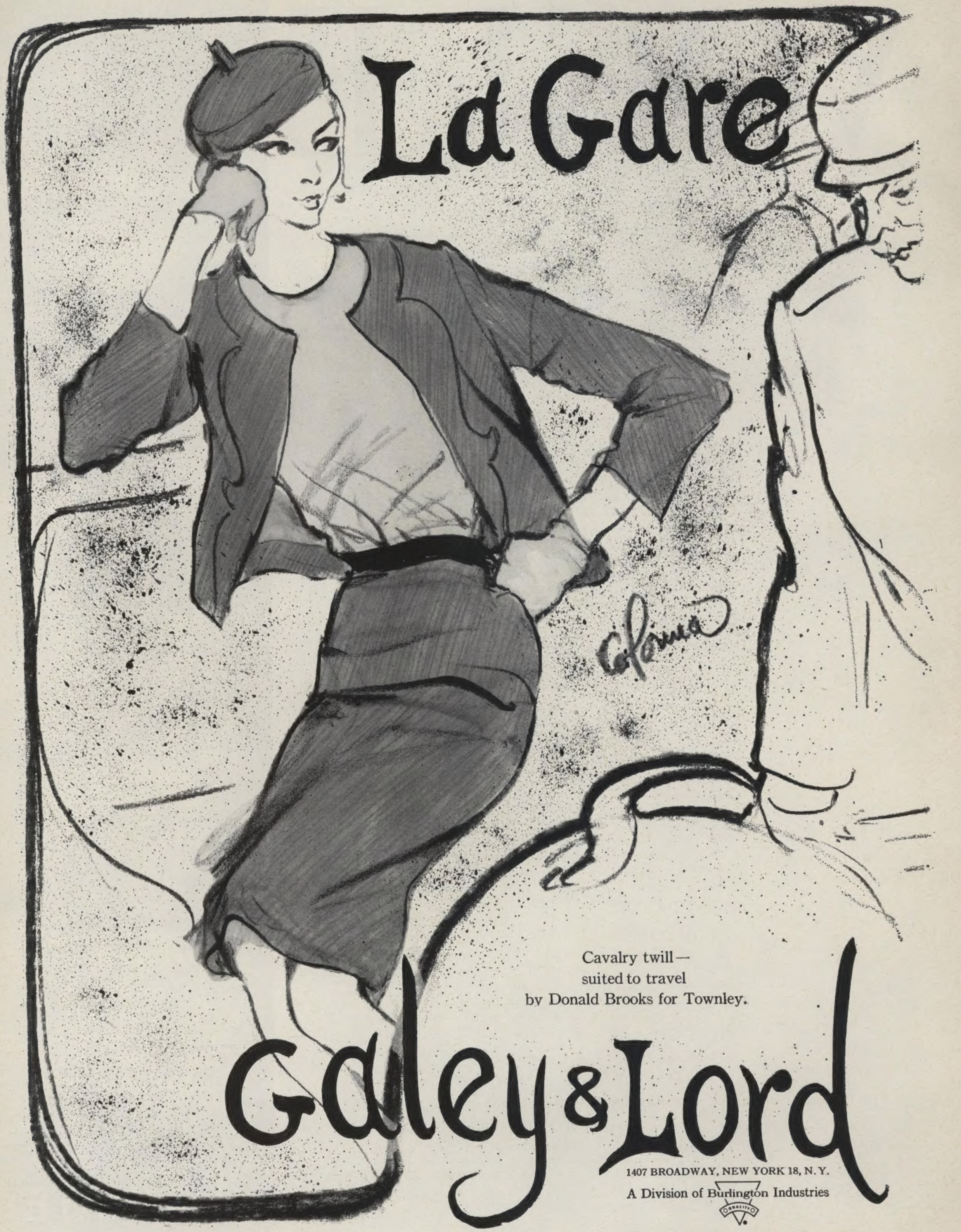
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Flower pins by
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PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA



*On the Acropolis in the unsurpassed Parthenon, high above the city of Athens.*

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*The Lion Gate at Mycenae, where excavations verified Homer's legend of a buried treasure of gold.*



*At Tolo, fishing village on the Peloponnese Peninsula.*



*Overlooking the picturesque Isle of Bourzi, at Nauplia. The medieval fort is now a modern hotel.*

# Greece in '63 fashion classics

*Above:* The cotton Batik shirt in a bold pirate paisley in red/navy on white. 8 to 16, *6.95*. Side-zip pants in an easy-care blend of no-muss Fortrel® polyester and cotton, white only. 8 to 18, *10.95*. *Above, right:* The cotton beach ensemble is jacketed with a perky little navy sleeveless top. The sashed one-piece swimsuit with a two-piece look, in navy with a top of red/navy print on white. (The swimsuit has Peck & Peck's famous inner bra, of course!) 8 to 16, *26.00*.




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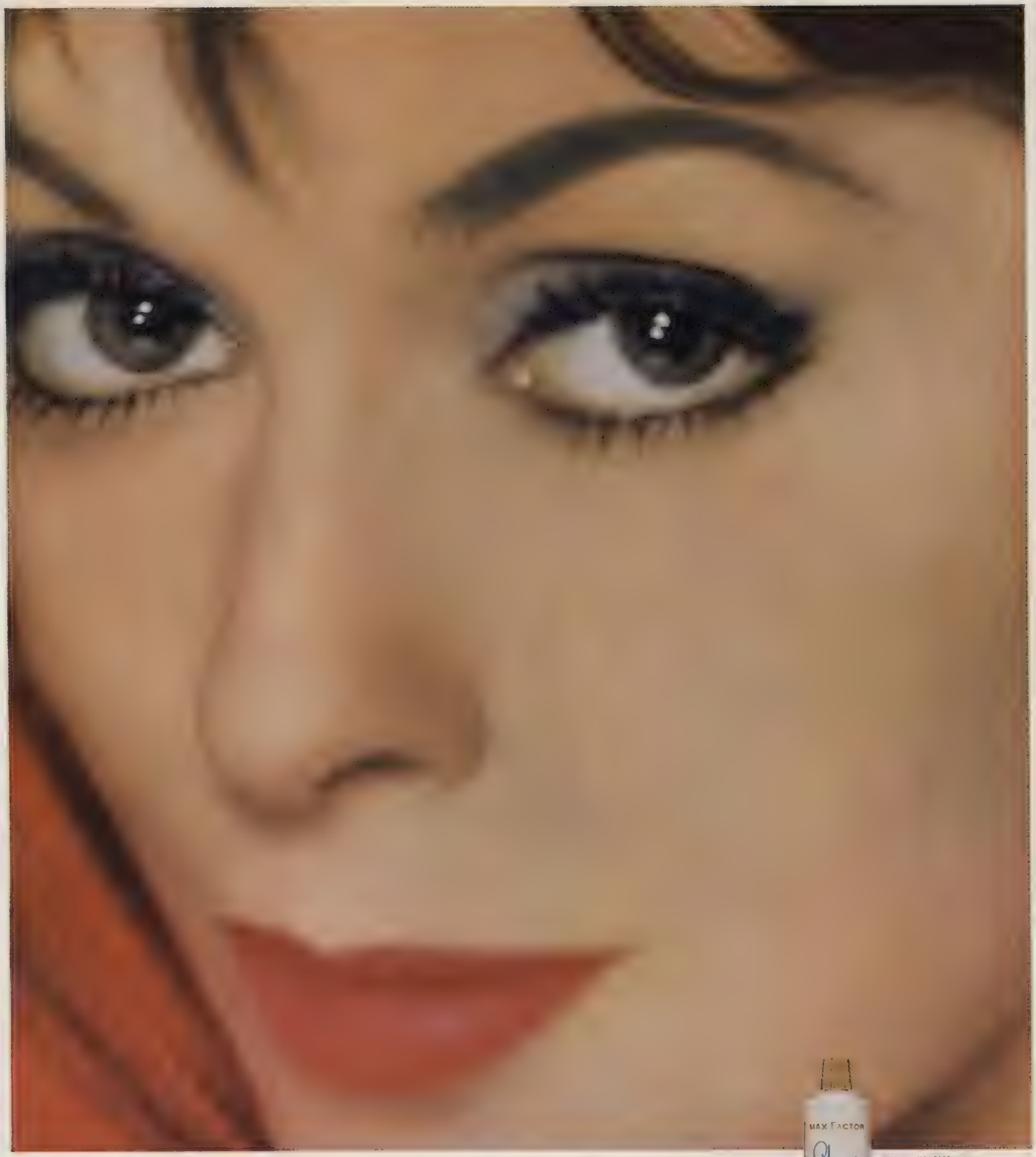
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Her Turkish Collection, at fine stores everywhere.

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for
Jerry Silverman



For fine stores and details see page 194

GORHAM

The new romantic look
in sterling...

# Rose Tiara

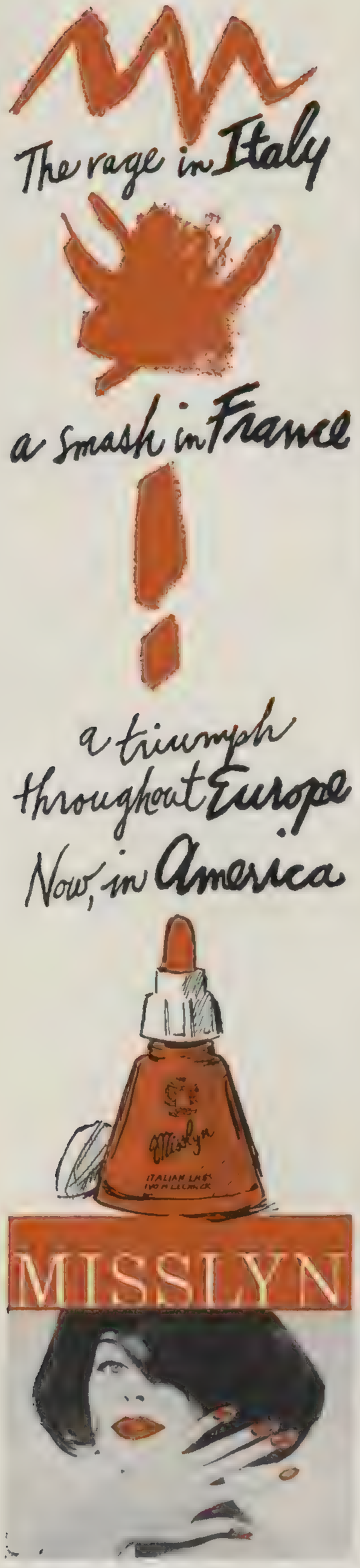
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# BEAUTY CHECKOUT

**Our private eye on twelve young faces**

Of all the women whose faces we've watched through our jeweller's glass over the past few decades, none look less time-worn than those dozen or so who have kept once-a-week appointments with a facial masseuse named Anne Gerard. Muscle tone has remained firm, lines have been kept at a pleasant minimum, the quality of the skin is clean. There may be other explanations for their cheery condition (all but one of the women in our inventory appear to use a selection of the gifted creams and lotions that have come along), but we do think there's more than a little something to Madame Gerard's work, which, like good body massage, is based on a knowing workout of key muscles. Although some young women sample the Gerard touch from time to time, Madame G. thinks of thirty-year-olds as her kindergartners. There's no age-minimum or maximum for beginning, however, and one treatment does seem to give one a sense of how smoothly a face's fortunes could run. . . . Madame G. works alone in her pleasant, polished flat at 41 West Fifty-eighth Street, and has been at her special brand of therapy for years. To inquiries about why there aren't more Anne Gerards in the world, we gather the answer is simple: it's tricky work; few people have the skill and knowledge to do it properly. Madame Gerard's price is $10 per hour-long treatment.

**Encore for the adorable delinqs**

Since our initial whirl with the Oliver haircut in the February 15 issue, we have been the recipients of *all sorts* of neo-Dickens gossip. The latest: a word on Paul O'Keefe, the American boy who has just replaced Broadway's original Oliver in the show. He'd been growing waif-locks with Stanislavsky diligence but suddenly had to take over the lead two weeks earlier than he and his barber had planned, with the result that a run of faintly startled audiences saw proper coifs on all the rest of Fagin's boys, saw Oliver with a haircut more saucer than soup-bowl.

More Beauty Checkout on page 32.



*The Alper Schwartz dress shown on the opposite page is available at the following fine stores:*

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Atlanta, Ga., **Regenstein's**
Austin, Tex., **Goodfriend's**
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Canton, Ohio, **Stern & Mann**
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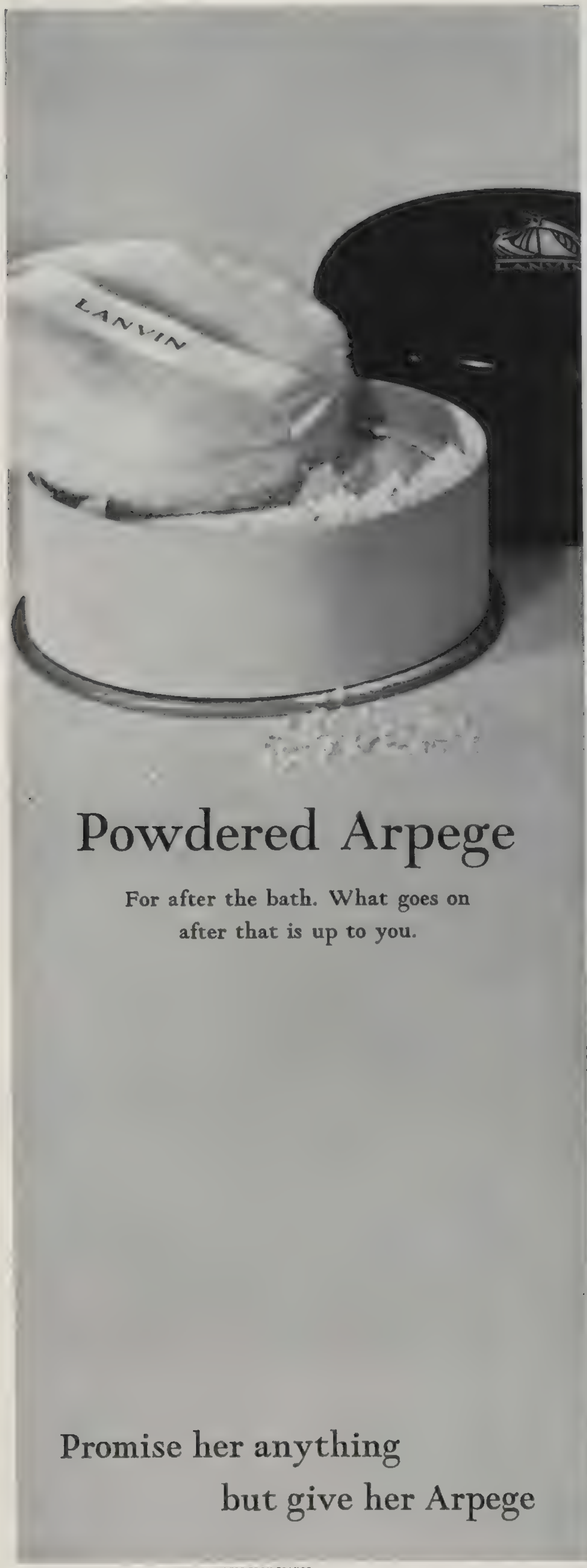
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*DUPONT T.M.

# BEAUTY CHECKOUT

**Shaggy eyelash story**

By now, you might figure, anyone who's going to try wearing false eyelashes has tried them. But maybe not. A new recipe for the preparation, cooking, and serving of false eyelashes was given us recently by a mannequin who has to look both Ravishing (she does, and so do her TV residuals), and Real (den mother and all that). What she does is: buy German eyelashes; cut them in half; saw them ragged with manicure scissors. Standard procedure so far; then comes the touch. She soaks the eyelash strips in lukewarm water for ten minutes, then, taking them firmly in hand, she holds the strips flat against her forefinger, using her thumb to keep them in line. With a thick dry bath towel, she rubs the lashes briskly; tangled and fluffed enchantingly, they're ready to bat without apparent fakery. Fixative used in this recipe: Johnson & Johnson Duo-Adhesive which dries a flesh-coloured flesh colour.

**Perfume by the basket**

When Vogue put together a little basketful of ten perfumes last summer—the idea: a sort of getting-to-know-you perfume-experience for our readers—all thirty thousand of the baskets disappeared as though they'd been five-pound boxes of money; in a month's time, not one of the samplers was left. Therefore, warning. In the next issue of Vogue (June), the basket's successor will be announced. Again the supply will be thirty thousand. If you're interested, get on your mark. The basket will be the same price ($5), this time around, but it will differ in the choice of perfumes and in the basket's look. A black straw minaudière will be the container, and it's being woven for us this red-hot second in Haiti by Elaine Barrie Barrymore, who's doing a fascinating lot of things-in-basketry. One reason given for last year's basket sellout, by the way: its perfume smörgåsbord made a good hostess present as well as a self-present.

**Whatever happened to Miss Amy Beesey and her diet?**

Remember the débutante diet-experimenter, Miss Amy Beesey, whose caloric life and times were chronicled in Vogue's February 1 issue? Miss Beesey volunteered to try to lose ten pounds against rather trying odds (school menus over which she had no control), and Vogue, after consultation with a specialist in nutrition and obesity, volunteered that she simply try eating half of everything served at the school table. The checkout on Miss Beesey's effort is this: She followed instructions fairly consistently though she did not, of course, have the special advantage of regular sessions with Vogue's consultant on nutrition and obesity who would—we divine from experience—have patiently gone over the ground rules each time, pointing out with mild and deadly clarity all the diet pitfalls one knows, all the possible areas where little white lies may tip the scales the wrong way. Actually, Miss A.B. did very well on her own; she found that eating half of what was served did not, *for her*, peel pounds off fast enough. She then heroically took things several steps farther. "Enough of this folklore. Let's stop talking about energizing breakfasts," was one of our man's points. Amy B. reduced hers to coffee, "orange juice when they have it." At lunch, the big meal of the day, she ate meat and vegetables, eliminating potatoes and dessert. For supper, more Spartan behaviour: she ate a salad of head lettuce and dressing, sometimes with sliced tomatoes, resisted the cold meat or casserole that also came to the table. AND: she has lost almost eight pounds; since her deadline is still a month away, she has a fighting chance of finishing as planned—ten pounds thinner. Then, and only then, she'll embark on uninhibited clothes-shopping.

The **ADELAAR** fashions on the facing page may be found at the following fine stores.

*Akron, Ohio,* The M. O'Neil Co.
*Albany, N. Y.,* Flah's
*Albuquerque, N. M.,* Benjamin's
*Allentown, Pa.,* Zollinger Harned
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*Amherst, N. Y.,* Jenss Dept. Store
*Asbury Park, N. J.,* Steinbach Co.
*Asheville, N. C.,* Ivey's
*Atlanta, Ga.,* Rich's
*Aurora, Ill.,* S. S. Sencenbaugh
*Austin, Tex.,* Snyder's
*Benton Harbor, Mich.,* The Petite Shoppe
*Birmingham, Ala.,* Loveman's
*Bloomington, Ill.,* Rolands
*Boston, Mass.,* Jays
*Brooklyn, N. Y.,* Abraham & Straus
*Brownsville, Tex.,* Popular Dry Goods Co.
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*New Orleans, La.,* D. H. Holmes
*New Orleans, La.,*
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Now! Color only the gray
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*Makes your husband feel younger, too... just to look at you!*

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from deepest black-brown to pale shining blonde. You choose the tone most like your own. About once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. Won't rub off, won't brush off. Leaves your hair in better condition than ever. Not a tint . . . better than a rinse . . . hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair. © Clairol Inc. 1963




**Loving Care**® **Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL**



*The sunlit freshness of California*
*meets the soft luxury of the bath...*

# Golden Woods

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MAX FACTOR

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**Once upon a time there was a fairy princess.**

**She lived in a castle in the suburb just beyond town. During the day she acted just like everybody else. She cooked and made beds and had coffee with the lady next door. She went to the supermarket and the PTA and places like that. And nobody realized she was enchanted.**

**When it showed, only one little girl was there. The princess took splinters out of fingers and it didn't hurt. Her cool hand on a forehead could wipe away a headache in an instant. Then at bedtime, she turned on all her magic. She could make a story so real, when the prince kissed Sleeping Beauty, the little girl's eyes opened—and *there Sleeping Beauty was!***



**To you she may seem just like a mother in a lovely peignoir. However, there's some real magic in that peignoir, and in her spellbound daughter's gown. That's Fortrel polyester. Fortrel in the fabric keeps them smooth and pretty. And when they're washed and dripped dry, they need but a light touch up. Designed by Juli of *Slumbertogs,* in french fabrics' *65% Fortrel polyester and 35% cotton* batiste. S, M, L or 7-15. Peignoir, about $8, gown or lady doll length about $6. Daughter's, 4-14. Peignoir, about $5, gown or lady doll length about $4. Pink, white, yellow, blue. At Best & Co., N.Y.; L. S. Ayres & Company of Indiana; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston & Ft. Worth; John Wanamaker, Phil.**




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Beautiful Ban-Lon® upholstery fabrics

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# FOUR EXCEPTIONAL RECIPES FROM COUNTESS ELIZABETH OBERNDORFF

(Behind the scenes of the dinner described on page 176)

### FILLET OF POMPANO IN CHAMPAGNE ASPIC
FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

4 pompano fillets and carcasses
½ bottle champagne
Bouquet Garni: 2 carrots sliced, 3 stalks celery diced, sprigs of parsley, 1 bay leaf, 1 clove, 6 peppercorns
2 egg whites and shells
Dry white wine • Salt and pepper

Make a broth from the fish carcasses, Bouquet Garni, and champagne. Bring to the smallest simmer, and cook, covered, 2 hours. Strain and pour into a saucepan. Beat egg whites slightly and add along with shells to the cooled broth. Reheat and stir until it boils. Simmer for ½ hour. Strain through a damp cold cloth. Season and cool.

Cut each fish fillet into 3 pieces, on the diagonal; set the pieces standing against each other in 2 rectangular Pyrex dishes about 9 x 4½ x 2½. Pour the fish fumet over the fish to cover, adding white wine if necessary. Cover closely with heavy foil and set on a heavy asbestos pad on a very small fire. Simmer 15 minutes. Test the fish for doneness. Remove the foil and cool. Cover again and chill until set.

To unmould: dip dishes quickly into hot water, loosen sides of the aspic with a knife, place a serving platter over each mould and invert quickly with a slight shake. Decorate with lemon wedges and parsley. Serve Caviar Mayonnaise sauce separately.

### CAVIAR MAYONNAISE
FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

4 egg yolks
2 cups bland olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons red wine vinegar
Pinch of salt • ½ cup sour cream
½ pound fresh or pressed caviar

With a whisk, beat the egg yolks slightly together with a little salt, half the vinegar and lemon juice. Add olive oil in tiny dribbles, beating without stopping until ½ cup has been absorbed. Keep adding oil slowly, alternating with lemon juice and vinegar when it gets too thick and beating constantly. Refrigerate until needed. At serving time, add sour cream to mayonnaise and add this to the caviar stirring carefully. Do not refrigerate again.

### SQUAB NIÇOISE
FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

12 squabs, boned and cut in two
6 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons Dijon mustard
Salt and pepper • Bread crumbs
*Sauce:*
Bird necks, gizzards, hearts
12 squab livers
¼ cup cognac
1 7-ounce can truffles
Marsala wine

Dry the birds and season. Sauté in hot butter quickly on both sides until lightly golden (about 5 minutes on each side—about ½ tablespoon butter each bird). Paint the birds with the mustard. Dust with bread crumbs.

Place side by side in a large roasting pan and bake in a preheated 375° oven, turning once, for 10 to 12 minutes each side.

*To make sauce:* Place necks, gizzards, and hearts in a saucepan and add Marsala to cover. Simmer, covered, for 20 minutes or more. Strain liquid into a blender. Sauté the bird livers in the remains of butter in the frying pan for a minute on each side. Remove livers to the blender. Deglaze the pan with the cognac and flame. Pour this sauce into the blender. Add strained pan juices from the birds, and liquor from the truffle can. Turn the blender on and blend until smooth. Add salt and pepper and place in a double-boiler to keep warm. Julienne the truffles and add to the sauce.

On a round platter, arrange the birds on cooked vegetables.

### PINEAPPLE SHERBET WITH STRAWBERRIES
FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

2 medium-sized pineapples
½ cup lemon juice
1½ cups sugar
4 pints strawberries
½ cup sugar, or to taste
⅓ cup kirsch or rum
2 cups whipped cream, sweetened

*To make sherbet:* Cut the top off the pineapples and save. Scoop out the fruit. Extract juice in juicer. Add lemon juice. Add sugar and heat slightly to dissolve.

Cool and freeze in refrigerator tray until mushy. Then put through the blender for 30 seconds and freeze again.

At serving time, scoop sherbet into pineapple shells. Cover with pineapple tops. Decorate around pineapple with strawberries, sprinkled with sugar and kirsch or rum. Spoon whipped cream over.



PROSE IN PINK CHAMPAGNE

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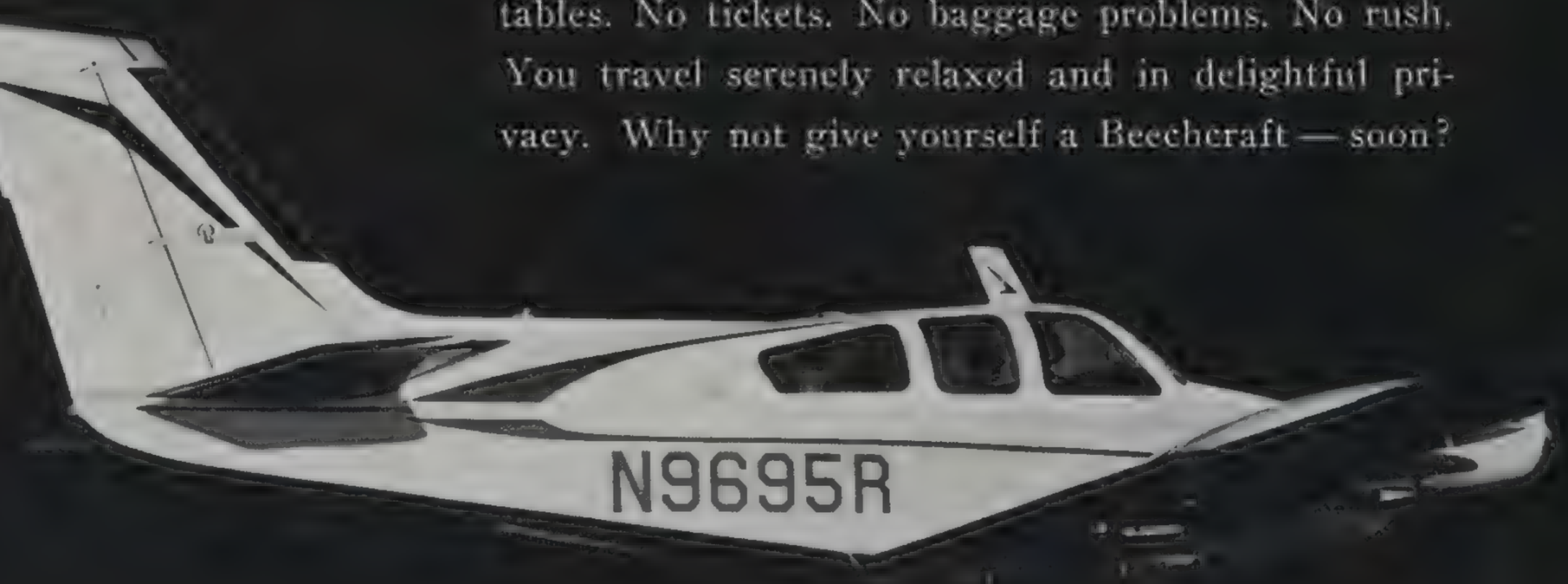
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Number 5 in a Series—"Patterns of Flight"

Am I Blue?

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HATTIE CARNEGIE

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Recipe

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*About twenty-three dollars at good stores and college shops.*

The Villager®

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# VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

## In New Zealand and Australia, the lively tour of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II and H.R.H. Prince Philip

For fifty days Down Under, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip travelled by jet, by the royal yacht "Britannia," by car along bush tracks, over dry river beds, down cattle roads. Wherever and however the royal couple moved, they seemed interested in practically everything and liked their pleasant detours from schedule. Their audiences, who remembered the Queen's voice as high and young, noticed that it had turned deeper, more mature. In New Zealand the Queen watched sheep shearings, pottery moulding, carpet weaving, and went to the opera in a shining white dress set off by something she had acquired earlier at a yachting regatta: a sunburn.



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In Australia, where millions naturally cheered, the Government declared a national holiday. Newspapers held such contests as the Royal Hat (keep colour pictures of Queen, place top ten hats in order of preference). The Queen surprised the Prime Minister by conferring on him The Most Noble Order of the Thistle, the highest knighthood order an Australian ever received. He surprised her by putting a huge fake koala bear in a tree at his Canberra lodge. She viewed water carnivals and horse shows in record heat and driving storms, travelled deep into the outback, met aborigines. "The Australian bush . . . really grips one," Queen Elizabeth said.



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Queen Elizabeth II: 1. With Prince Philip, greeted by Archbishop Gough at St. Andrew's Cathedral in Sydney. 2. At the State Reception in Town Hall, Melbourne. 3. With New South Wales Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and guests at a Sydney garden party. 4. With Prince Philip and the Mayor of Dunedin, South Island, New Zealand, outside the Town Hall. 5. Meeting a Maori Princess who wore the traditional feather-trimmed cloak, outside Treaty House at Waitangi, North Island, New Zealand. 6. With the Australian Prime Minister, Sir Robert Gordon Menzies, at a State Reception in Canberra, the national capital. 7. Inspecting the Guard of Honour in Adelaide, the capital of South Australia.




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'Linde' is a trade mark of
UNION CARBIDE



# VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

## The opening dinner for "Treasures of Versailles" in Los Angeles

To celebrate the extraordinary variety of treasures from Versailles—paintings, tapestries, exquisite gilded furniture—French Ambassador and Mme. Hervé Alphand were guests of honour at a unique party at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Among king-size portraits, two hundred guests had dinner at tables centred with pink and red carnation-and-candle "trees." Ambassador Alphand presented the museum's director, Richard F. Brown, with the French Decoration of Arts and Letters. Then guests saw the exhibit at a leisure rare for a tour of Versailles.



1



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1. Surrounded by Versailles' treasures: Ambassador Hervé Alphand with M. Jean Vergnet-Ruiz, honorary inspector of French museums. 2. During a pause for news photographers: from left to right, Mme. Alphand; M. Gérald Van der Kemp, Chief Curator of the Versailles Museum; Dr. Richard F. Brown, director of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art; Ambassador Alphand; and Mr. Edward W. Carter, President of the Board of Trustees of the Los Angeles museum.



3



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7

# STIFFEL

*The Royalty of Lamps*

***GRACEFUL*** late Georgian Torch Lamp totally Sheraton, with usual Adam elements and Louis XVI persuasion. The old sugar pine baluster, inverted, may have been taken from the lunettes at the bed niche in the chamber from the Hotel Gaulin (Dijon) now in the Metropolitan Museum. Metal mountings hand finished in mellow old brass. Original print on shade meticulously reproduced here to attain this same Sheraton spirit. Height 42 inches. $79.50* at fine stores everywhere. For descriptive literature and information address Dept. V-5, The Stiffel Company, Chicago 10, Illinois.

**slightly higher West and South*



3. Mrs. Courtlandt Gross and Mr. Charles Wrightsman, one of several people who travelled to Los Angeles for this opening. Beyond them, two of Versailles' heroic paintings: "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps," by David, and "Caliph of Constantine," by Chassériau. 4. Mrs. Franklyn Phillips and Mr. Hernando Courtright. 5. Mrs. Charles E. Ducommun, Mr. Le Moyne Billings, and Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale. 6. Mrs. Charles Wrightsman with Mr. Charles E. Ducommun. 7. M. Gérald Van der Kemp with Mrs. Sidney F. Brody, an officer of the Members Board of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. In the background: Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt B. Leisure. "Treasures of Versailles," already seen in Chicago and Toledo, moves later this month to San Francisco.




# Outmoded?

Not at Delmonico's Hotel in New York.

We hark back to a more gracious—and happier—age when such "modern" inconveniences as area codes and direct dialing were not expected of a gentleman or his lady. So our phones have no dials. Instead, we use *operators.*

Missing, too, from Delmonico's, are the other unpleasant "self-service" products of this frenzied age of automation. Instead, we use *servants.* Trained in the grand tradition.

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It's something to think about on your next trip to New York.

Service. In the grand tradition. As you would expect from the New York counterpart of the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach.

(Let your travel agent make reservations for you. Or write us direct. Either way, we'll be happy to send our chauffeur and our Rolls—if you wish—to meet you at the airport.)

S. Joseph Tankoos, Jr., President
V. Alexander Polich, Vice-President & General Manager

DELMONICO'S

HOTEL

502 Park Avenue at 59th Street  Cable Address: Elegance, New York


# VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

## In Washington, D. C., a dinner-dance and buoyant made-to-order revue

At one of the most jubilant parties of the season, ambassadors, cabinet members, and senators joined young, bright Washingtonians in either giving or taking "The Washington Festival of Performing Cultures," a smooth revue takeoff on the culture epidemic. This made-to-order spoof was the star turn of the Mid-Season Dinner and Dance for the Multiple Sclerosis Association of Greater Washington, held in the Shoreham Hotel's long, low-ceilinged Terrace Room. This amateur show, done now for the sixth time, but with fresh sketches, is so successful that its chairmen this year limited the tickets strictly to four hundred. Just a better party.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

Written by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barrett and Mrs. Samuel Lanahan, the show this season had thirteen sketches, including "My God, the Folk Singers!" and "Long Night's Journey into the Armory." A song "Walkin, Walkin, Walkin!" celebrated the fifty-mile hike, and a skit called "The New York Times" deplored the A.W.O.L. condition of that newspaper. "Northwest Side Story" concerned a rumble between the Georgetown Gang and the Chevy Chase Gang, and the show ended on an "Intellectual Kick" (see Kickers *below*). Then the cast joined the guests to dance on, more sedately, to the music of Howard Devron's orchestra until three o'clock.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

In the Terrace Room, *opposite:* 1. Señora Emilio Garrigues and Brigadier General Godfrey McHugh. 2. Mr. Anthony Hass, Mrs. Anthony Hass, and Mrs. Arthur Gardner, junior. 3. Mrs. Neil Carothers, III and Count Caracciolo di Forino. 4. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, junior and Mr. Harvey Poe. 5. Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke and Mrs. Joseph Tydings. In the revue, *above:* 1. The Richard Barretts, Mrs. John Nevius, singing "Walkin, Walkin, Walkin!" 2. "Intellectual Kick" line. 3. Mr. James Symington doing "The New York Times." 4. Mrs. Norman Paul singing. 5. "Northwest Side Story," Mrs. Edward Morgan singing.




"Ambush"

perfume by

Dana


Ambush



**"ORLON"*** acrylic in my two-piece knit Regal swimsuit makes me feel like a girl who is treated like a princess. Red, blue or black and white stripes, inspired by Venice. Sizes 7 to 14 about $6. Sizes 4 to 6x about $4. Sizes T10 to T16 about $8. Available at Henri Bendel, New York, N. Y.; Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.; The William Hengerer Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; The Diamond, Charleston, W. Va.; The H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, O.; Erie Dry Goods Co., Erie, Pa.; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; The Stewart Dry Goods Co., Louisville, Ky.; Powers Dry Goods Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Hahne & Co., Newark, N. J.; Goldwater's, Phoenix, Ariz.; Sibley Lindsay & Curr Co., Rochester, N. Y.; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.; or for the store nearest you, write REGAL KNITWEAR COMPANY, INC., 1333 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

*DUPONT TRADEMARK

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**REGAL**

Coming soon, new skirts, slacks, sweaters for Fall!



The look you love in White Stag's new Olé Colors. Ranchero Shirt, sizes 8-18, $7.00. Hipriding Ranchero Pants, sizes 8-16, $11.00. Both in easy care fabrics, color coordinated with U.S. Rubber Kedettes®.

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U. S. A. AND CANADA

Please....



couldn't someone invent a shaver just for me? One that wouldn't irritate sensitive underarms . . .

# You're welcome

## (Remington has done it)




By designing an entirely new lady's shaver with two separate heads. One head is just right for underarms. Shaves so gently you can apply a deodorant right after.



One that shaves close, clean and fast enough to make leg grooming a breeze . . .



Please, couldn't someone find a way to make that shaver run without a cord?




The other head is just for legs. Its broader surface whisks away unwanted hair with speed and comfort. Result: a satiny smoothness no other shaver can match.




It's cordless. You can use it anywhere. This remarkable shaver comes in Wedgwood Blue, Blush Pink, and American Beauty. The name: **Lady Remington® Lektronic.**

Photo: James Moore Coiffure: Mark Traynor of L'Oreal Jewelry: Cartier Gown: Mademoiselle Ricci ©1963 Cosmair, Inc.

# Vive la différence!

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From the boulevards of Paris to the byways of Rome...or New York's Park Avenue...the world's most discriminating and elegant women choose the breathtaking beauty of L'Oréal's noticeably more beautiful hair colorings...luxurious hair products...and exquisite cosmetics. Paris born...world adored, the superb professional hair colorings and beauty products of L'Oréal are available only in the salon. On your next visit to your stylist, for beauty extraordinaire, say L'Oréal.

NOW MADE IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE FRENCH FORMULAS OF

# L'ORÉAL® OF PARIS

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX, SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA.

# This is Baroque.

(CIRCA 1963)



Detail of a Vendome Baroque simulated pearl. Hand made. Hand dipped sixteen times for iridescent lustre. Hand French-knotted into this long-line necklace. From the Vendome Baroque Collection, one or two strands in several lengths, $5. to $20. Matching earrings and bracelets available. At fine stores everywhere or write Vendome, New York 1, N. Y.

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Costume by Toni Owen

# Sparkling new way to start the season

**The shoe:** A simple spectator in a dazzling mood. Mirror-bright patent upper poised on a sculptured mid heel. A versatile fashion for all your spring things.

**The look:** Poppy fresh and positively non-wilting in your bright shirtwaister. Accent with icy-white spectators and you've got the Life Stride look of perfection.

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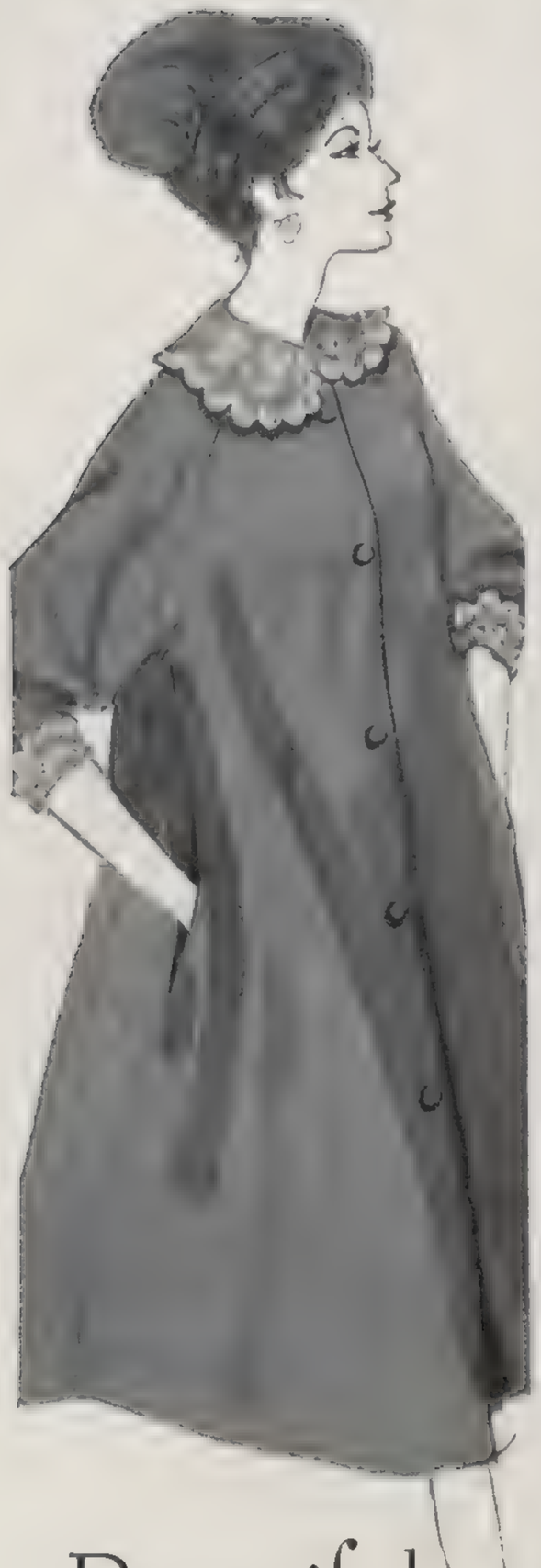



**Who's the lady with the V Complex ?**

**It's you...**when you discover all that's going on in this one little jar—a complex of five skin care essentials master-minded by

Fabergé

Crème de V  Lait de V  Pâté de V  Eau de V  Savon de V



# Beautiful Traveller...

a robe of Antron® and nylon, so carefree, packable and air-light that it pops from your suitcase ready to wear, with never a crease to mar its loveliness. Styled by **Boutique**, with golden-embroidered cuffs and collar, in natural, rouge red, wedgewood blue. Sizes 10 to 20. **12.98**

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East Lansing — Kalamazoo
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Battle Creek


## THE TARNISHPROOF SUNTAN

Details about the Beauty Bulletin, page 135

Although they tend to overlap in some respects—moisturizers come happily to mind as a common ingredient, as well as sun-screening properties and lubricants—suntan preparations, as noted earlier, fall more or less into distinct categories. 1. The out-and-out, razzle-dazzle Sun Encouragers, particularly good at putting a fast tan on not-too-sensitive areas—legs, arms, back. 2. Selective Encouragers that also promote a deep, glowing tan, but at a controlled, more conservative pace than members of the first category. And 3.—self-explanatory—Sun Blocks. To this list we'd add—midway between outright Sun Blocks and selective Encouragers—4. Sun Limiters, preparations that permit some sun, but in carefully restricted amounts (amounts that are usually exactly right for extremely fair skin, or for very young children). We'd add, too: plan to have one product from at least three of these categories—most suntans, in the course of a summer need a bit of a boost; at other times, a definite slowing-down; and tender spots, such as eyelids, lips, and noses, need a Sun Block *always*.

SUN ENCOURAGERS

*Tanfastic Dark-Sunning Oil*—Sea and Ski's message to skins that soak up sun easily. 90% of the sun's rays is the promise.
*Sun 'n Fun*—Lanvin's beige-tinted cream in a tube, with sun-screeners and lubricants added. Excellent fringe benefits here: a good-size mirror on the cap of the tube, and an enclosed Sun Block in lipstick form.
*Bain de Soleil*—the famous tinted gelée of Antoine, lubricating, sea-resistant; dedicated sunbathers swear by it.

SELECTIVE ENCOURAGERS

*High Noon*—Noxzema's greaseless white liquid cream. Cool, pleasant smelling, as fussy as a head waiter about what gets in and what doesn't—beneficial rays, only, are permitted.
*Bronztan*—clear as water, and impervious to same: Dura-Sil is the reason why. Shulton turns it out in a plastic tube.
*Oiless Suntan Oil*—is, in fact, a greaseless cream that sinks into the skin and, like good face cream, aims to replenish natural oils. By Sea and Ski.
*Sun Gelée*—Elizabeth Arden's firm stand against wind- and sunburn. Owners of dry skin crave this—or ought to.
*Suntan Oil*—Arden's more permissive side. Marvellous for serious swimmers—clings as doggedly in the sea as a maillot.
*Sun Bath*—creamy white lotion, fraught with moisturizers. It's Revlon's recommendation for skin that tans easily.
*Cools 'n Tans*—a thin, tinted liquid that does just what you'd expect: cools the skin, adds a bit of colour on its own and, as a bonus, smooths rough spots. Scandia makes this good news.
*Suntan Cream*—Dorothy Gray's excellent balance of moisturizers, sun-screeners, sun-encouragers. Word is, used lavishly, it's absolute death on burns.
*Sun Bronze*—adored by fans of the moisturizer, Revenescence: Charles of the Ritz loads this creamy white lotion with it, and suggests that you slosh it on after sun-bathing to keep a tan in peak condition. (There's a tinted version, by the way—Deep-Tone Sun Bronze.)
*Pour le Soleil*—is one of those gelées that stays on and on and on in water. Germaine Monteil makes it, adds some sun-blocking ingredients and a lovely, light coffee colour—which transfers, gleamingly to the wearer's skin.
*Sun-Tan Foam*—press a button and up froths Harriet Hubbard Ayer's battery of sun-screeners, skin-conditioners, and all the proper elemental insurance.
*Royal Blend* — Coppertone's creamy new pink lotion, plumped up with moisturizers and secret agents vigorously opposed to all but the most salubrious sun rays.
*Bikini Suntan Lotion*—is the Helena Rubinstein method of separating the good rays from the bad: sun-screeners here, as well as moisturizers, and a hard

(Continued on page 66)




# THIS IS VERA

"Don't you mean butterfly?" we asked Vera, painter-creator of scarves, blouses, linens and fabrics. "But it's a Flutterby," replied Vera, putting down her brush decisively. "The new name for my new little dress. So simple it's hardly a dress at all. Less than a shift, more than a shimmy. All you do is slip in and flutter by."

"Try it," Vera said, handing us a Flutterby fresh from the easel. We did. A pink Flutterby covered lightly in even pinker butterflies. We fluttered by and liked it.

We liked the hot high-key colors and light-hearted lyric line that marks the Vera style. And when this original Vera painting had been silk-screened onto lustrous cotton we knew we'd have a Flutterby to call our own. At home. On the beach. Shopping. And late into the night.

"Oh Vera, we want to Flutterby all summer," we said. "You can," answered Vera, whose artistry is only surpassed by her industry. And on her studio walls we saw a flight of Flutterbys. Brilliant with giant orange sunflowers on shining cotton. Glowing fresh fruit on cotton piqué: blue pears, green apples, luscious watermelons. And lots of other designs, including giraffe spots, brush strokes and vertical stripes.

And Vera has painted all these sunny, summer designs on a whole family of Flutterbys: including hip-skimming tunics, short overblouses in drip-dry cotton. All equally inspired by Vera's special gift.

Why don't you take off to the nicest store you know? Fly through the summer in a whole family of Vera Flutterbys.

*Blouses, scarves, linens, by Vera. The Vera Gallery, 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16*

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY" — SEE LAST PAGE

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# VERA PAINTS A FLUTTERBY

# We were born 25 years ago...

# so we're giving you 25% off!

They said, back in 1938, that International's Prelude pattern was a beautiful baby. Such exquisite, finely-chiseled flower carvings! Such a satin-smooth handle!

Now Prelude is a blooming, beautiful 25. To celebrate, the items shown are all priced at 25% off. 5-piece place setting $29.62 (regularly $39.50). All other flatware pieces also sale-priced. Matching 5-piece Tea Service birthday-priced at only $412.50. Candelabra, 15" high, only $131.50 per pair. Can be taken apart and used 8 ways. Pitcher, only $112.50. At silverware dealers everywhere... but go soon! When the party's over, on June 1, 1963, Prelude will go back to its pre-birthday prices. (All prices include Federal Tax.)



PRELUDE

Sterling by International

The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

***Time? Adele Simpson has none.*** Oh, I've a watch all right... a lovely Rolex. It's simple, restrained and frighteningly accurate. But even a Rolex provides only twenty-four hours a day. What I need is a few extra hours. Oh, well.

Superb 17-jewel movement with an octagonal case of 14K white gold. Two chevrons of five full-cut diamonds each. Faceted crystal. $345.00, (f.t.i.)



Whee, what fun!
look what
Hazel Bishop
has done
to lipstick!



it's

# 'Fantastick'

## Slanted to shape the most luscious lips ever!

It's the best shape lipstick's ever been in! And 'Fantastick's' new long length has "snap-proof" strength! It's long, *not* lean. And that fabulous Continental formula lipstick creams your lips as it shapes them! Smart, sleek, new jeweler-designed case... and only $1.25*, complete! Get the point? Get 'Fantastick' today! In 'Fantastick' Flirty Fashion Shades! With matching nail enamel, of course.

©Hazel Bishop Inc. 1962

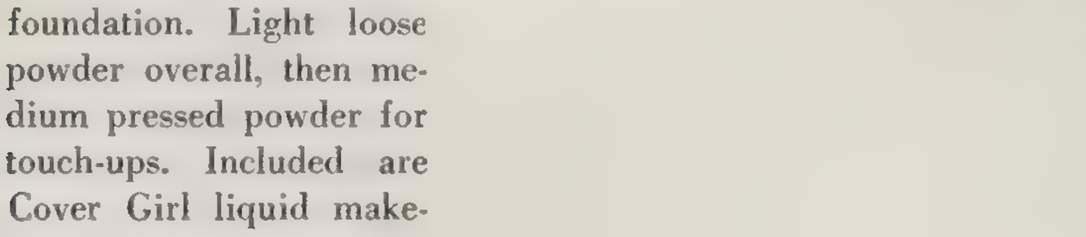
*Plus tax

# SUMMER BEAUTY

## A special wrap-up for Vogue readers—striped hood and a new face to sample

Here for the sampling: a make-up régime devised by the Noxzema people who, unlike the dazzling but ill-tempered zebra, think about *improving* things (skin, for instance) in the most amiable, attractive way. Striped for ornamental reasons: the rainproof scarf shown here (which is lagniappe) and the box which contains samples of Cover Girl make-up. What the make-up should give you is a new summer look in which medium foundation is used as the base, cheekbones and eyelids are highlighted with light foundation. Light loose powder overall, then medium pressed powder for touch-ups. Included are Cover Girl liquid make-ups (two Light, two Medium), Cover Girl loose face powder in the Light shade, Cover Girl pressed powder in Medium. To have the works, fill out, send the coupon below to Vogue, along with $1.





VOGUE Dept. CG
420 Lexington Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me Vogue's sampler of Cover Girl make-ups, plus the zebra-printed scarf. I enclose $1 in cash, which includes postage, handling, and federal excise tax.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

This offer is good only in Continental U.S.A. through June 1, 1963. Please allow three weeks for delivery.

## TARNISHPROOF SUNTAN

(Continued from page 60)

swim in a strong surf won't diminish its effectiveness one bit. *Bain de Soleil White*—an alternative for devotées of the Antoine gelée: this slightly more cautious lotion is non-greasy, moisturizing, would apply to a tennis court or a golf course. *Sun Souci*—a greaseless, aerosol spray-on tanner by Estée Lauder, who holds out this attractive lagniappe—smoothed on after sunning, it will help to avoid peeling. (Due in June.) *Beauty on the Beach*—a moisturizing lotion, not limited to the sun: its screening devices are also dead set against wind-burn. Renauld of France makes it.

### SUN LIMITERS

*Sun Bath*—for skin that burns easily—is Revlon's way of seeing that it doesn't. Filtering out those risky ultra-violet rays is how they go about it. Comes in lotion form, white, ungreasy.

*Sure Tan*—Bonne Bell's solution to the always-a-burn, never-a-tan problem. Deliberately slow but, as they say, sure. (Along with the oil, which is light and unsticky, comes a pair of plastic eye-covers.)

*Sun Pruf Cream*—Elizabeth Arden's feeling is that with this light, vanishing cream even the fairest, most delicate skin can acquire a handsome tan. Hundreds of women feel exactly the same about it.

*Super-Sol Creme* — Germaine Monteil's contribution to the cause of sensitive skin, full of moisturizers and Things.

### SUN BLOCKS

*Bronztan Sun Stop*—Shulton's moisturizing white lotion, in which a new filter (they call it UV 15) puts up an impenetrable front against the sun and all its ultra-violet rays.

*Snootie*—is especially for tricky spots such as the nose, ears, base of neck, etc., which it will protect even in water. Sea and Ski has been working on it for years at their Research Institute, University of Nevada.

*Sun Stick*—comes from Revlon, packaged like a lipstick, and meant to be used on tender spots. Moisturizes, too.


IT'S

# WILROY

NATURALLY...

Left: Empire silhouette in solid indigo, black, nutmeg, blue or raspberry. Right: Drawstring neckline. Wear belted or not. Water lily print —sunset red or lettuce green.

Akron, Ohio . . . M. O'Neil
Albany, N. Y. . . . Honigsbaum's
Stuyvesant Plaza . . . Honigsbaum's
Glens Falls, N. Y. . . . Honigsbaum's
Allentown, Pa. . . . Hess Bros.
Amarillo, Texas . . . Colbert's
Austin, Texas . . . Goodfriends
Belmar, N. J. . . . Belmar Dept. Store
Beloit, Wis. . . . Clara Stone
Berkeley, Calif. . . . Sather Gate
Bethesda, Md. . . . Claire Dratch
Birmingham, Mich. . . . Jacqueline Shops
Oak Park, Mich. . . . Jacqueline Shops
Boston, Mass. . . . Filene's
Brookline, Mass. . . . Park Modes
Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Abraham & Straus
Carmel, Calif. . . . Louise Kramer
Charlotte, N. C. . . . Reynold's
Chicago, Ill. . . . Bramson's
Evanston . . . Bramson's
Evergreen Plaza . . . Bramson's
Oak Park . . . Bramson's
River Forest . . . Bramson's
Columbus, Miss. . . . James Pryor
Columbus, Ohio . . . Cole of Columbus
Coral Gables, Fla. . . . Marsha, Ltd.
Dallas, Texas . . . Sanger Harris
Preston Center . . . Sanger Harris
Dartmouth, Mass . . . Madeline's
Davenport, Iowa . . . William Mundy
Dayton, Ohio . . . Rike-Kumler
Daytona Beach, Fla. . . . Sussman's
Denver, Colo. . . . May D & F
Detroit, Mich. . . . Walter's
Elmira, N. Y. . . . Sportogs
Dewitt, N. Y. . . . Sportogs
Englewood, N. J. . . . Brooke Jr.
Flushing, N. Y. . . . Jaynee Apparel
Fort Wayne, Ind. . . . Wolf & Dessauer
Garden City, N. Y. . . . Heather Shops, Ltd.
Huntington, N. Y. . . . Heather Shops, Ltd.
Manhasset, N. Y. . . . Heather Shops, Ltd.
Gary, Ind . . . Hudson's
Georgetown, D. C. . . . Wilhelmina Adams
Granite City, Ill. . . . Helman's Style Shop
Great Falls, Mont. . . . Dale Stapp
Hazelton, Pa. . . . Town & Country
Indianapolis, Ind. . . . L. S. Ayres
Jacksonville, Fla. . . . Levy's
Jersey City, N. J. . . . Dorinson's
Lakewood, N. J. . . . Feldman's
Lexington, Ky. . . . Loom & Needle
Long Beach, Calif. . . . Chrysteen
Memphis, Tenn. . . . Helen of Memphis
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . Dayton's
Muncie, Ind. . . . DeVinney Apparel
Myrtle Beach, S. C. . . . John Baldwin
New Bedford, Mass. . . . Gollis of New Bedford
New Brunswick, N. J. . . . Zarra Dress Shop
New Haven, Conn. . . . Ann Taylor
New Hope, Pa. . . . Avant Garde
New Orleans, La. . . . D. H. Holmes
Newark, N. J. . . . Bamberger's
Cherry Hill, N. J. . . . Bamberger's
Menlo Park, N. J. . . . Bamberger's
Monmouth, N. J. . . . Bamberger's
Morristown, N. J. . . . Bamberger's
Paramus, N. J. . . . Bamberger's
Plainfield, N. J. . . . Bamberger's
Princeton, N. J. . . . Bamberger's
Newport Beach, Calif. . . . Jean Dahl
Newton Centre, Mass. . . . H. G. Morton
Norfolk, Va. . . . Nicholson & Marks
Paoli, Pa. . . . The Cocked Hat
Passaic, N. J. . . . Wechsler's
Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Bonwit Teller
Jenkintown, Pa. . . . Bonwit Teller
Wynnewood, Pa. . . . Bonwit Teller
Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . Joseph Horne
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. . . . The Little Shop
Quincy, Mass . . . Ann Starr
Reading, Pa. . . . Pomeroy's
Riverside, Calif. . . . G. K. Christensen
Rochester, N. Y. . . . B. Forman
San Diego, Calif. . . . Anell's
Sante Fe, N. Mex. . . . La Tienda de Sante Fe
Savannah, Ga. . . . Town & Country
Scranton, Pa. . . . Berg's
Shaker Heights, Ohio . . . Hathaway-Shaker Sq.
Shorewood, Wis. . . . Harley's Casuals
St. Louis, Mo. . . . Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Petersburg, Fla. . . . Wale's
Washington, D. C. . . . Joan Roberts
Westport, Conn. . . . Brooks-Hirsh
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Williamsport, Pa. . . . Lynn Hayes
Woodbridge, N. J. . . . Frantell
Woodmere, N. Y. . . . Margaret Stevens, Ltd.

Hamilton, Bermuda . . . H. A. & E. Smith
Sydney, Australia . . . David Jones, Ltd.

**...and other fine stores or write Wilroy, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.**




Whirl into summer in Wilroy's little "naturals" of cool, gossamer Ban-Lon Warp Knit Fabric. They move with a supple easy grace molding to the shape of you. They pack to pocket-size but spring into life-size without picking up a wrinkle. They wash and dry into instant shape in a whirl of brilliant colors and patterns. Once you wear one Wilroy—you'll start a collection. Sizes 8 to 16. About $25. At the fine stores listed—or write Wilroy Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

**BLOOMINGDALE'S** N.Y. & branches / **HUTZLER'S** Baltimore/ **RICH'S** Atlanta/ **BOSTON STORE** Milwaukee/ **J. W. ROBINSON** Los Angeles

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

100% CHEMSTRAND® NYLON




Fabulous new Fashion Two Twenty cosmetics work 'round the clock to keep you beautiful. At last you can bid adieu to costly, hurry-up-hit-and-miss cosmetic buying. Experiment with the Fashion Two Twenty prestige collection. You and your friends can do it at home with an exciting make-up show — available exclusively through your Fashion Two Twenty Beauty Studio. Write: Fashion Two Twenty, Dept. V-5, Aurora, Ohio for the nearest studio.

# *white and light . . .* *'PATTINA'* sparkles with a whiter white that stays white, stays icy-fresh and gleamy-new all summer through. PATTINA is Du Pont's wonderful shoe material that makes high-sheen shoes care-free and practical. PATTINA resists spots and stains, swishes clean with soap and water. Withstands cracking, chipping, peeling. Scoffs at wear and weather. Have a white, light, worry-free summer in PATTINA! MADEMOISELLE makes this cutout charmer in PATTINA . . . accents it with scallopy profile. Available at: G. Fox, Hartford; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati; Sommer and Kaufman, San Francisco.*

DU PONT Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

pattina*

**'Pattina' is Du Pont's trademark for its chlor-olefinic shoe material.*





# Are blankets just for sleeping?



*Few things are more personal:* Your taste, your personality, your decor—all are factors in choosing your blanket. For you enjoy a Chatham in your waking hours, too. "Summerlon" comes in colors to please everybody—a rainbow range of 10. And in 4 different sizes.



*Cat-nap with Chatham.* The new Chatham lightweights are the right weight for a throw, to toss over you when the house quiets down. Soothes you to sleep before you know it. A mid-day refresher does so much for the woman who tries to do *too* much.



*Not only for brides:* Every girl deserves breakfast in bed now and then. Not just on birthdays and Mother's Day. You look so appealing, too, when your bed wears a colorful Chatham. All on this page harmonize with the exotic "Water Lily" print above, that's under $6.



*Ever on Sunday:* Your tired business-man can be forgiven, if he is loath to leave the cover of his Chatham blanket on Sunday morning. Everyone knows the papers can be read so much better in bed. Plenty of time for spring planting, later.



# Ask **Chatham.**



*Bedtime story:* Nothing slips you into slumber as delightfully—and decisively—as light reading under a lightweight Chatham blanket. "Slumber Rose" here also comes in blue or beige, costs under $6.



*Beauty sleep:* Might as well look pretty *while* you sleep, too—your husband is looking. Why not chuck those rollers for the charm of ribbons, and choose the Chatham to flatter your complexion. (All the pastels on this page also go with "Slumber Rose", above.)



*Something for the girls:* You can't get close enough to your daughter. "Slumber Rose", one of Chatham's new spring print collection, is a favorite with girls of all ages. Not just for its delicate beauty. But because those colors stay sparkling, the blanket stays soft, through countless machine washings.



*Blankets are for giving, too:* When you give Chatham, you give the finest. Give a pair: solid color lightweight with harmonizing hand screen print, to cover midnight changes of temperature. For the bride, the hostess, or new homeowner.

Chatham blankets

**Chatham Manufacturing Company**
Elkin, North Carolina
Prices slightly higher in the West



**three-part fashion**
**spiced with Celanese acetate**

Two parts suit, one part matching blouse. Put them together and what do you have? A delightfully season-less ensemble to wear and wear. In the city. At the club. To a luncheon. Or the theater. Celanese acetate gives special richness to its silky-slubbed look. Handmacher's suit of Earl-Loom's rayon and acetate shantung weave. Beige, toast, navy, black. 10-18. About $40 at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; The Emporium, San Fran.; The Higbee Co., Cleve.; F. R. Jeleff, Inc., Wash.; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis. Celanese®

**Acetate...a Celanese contemporary fiber**

# ANTIGUA INCIDENTALS— PLACES AND PLEASURES

In Antigua (pronounced an-tee-gah) there's small evidence of tourists. Each hotel on this British West Indian island stands isolated and hidden on a deeply indented cove—close together as the wind blows, miles apart by car. Distances seem greater than they are on the white roads hedged between sugar cane fields.

Barefoot children, all smiles and teeth, stop to watch the occasional cars go by, chickens dodge out of the way of wheels, goats and lambs roam freely, and burros, approximately the size and colour of Weimaraner dogs, stand imperturbably in the roads. Old sugar mills hump in dark round shapes on broccoli-green mounds. White heron fly over white coral beaches patterned with delicate seashells and the herringbone tracks of birds.

### LORD NELSON'S HARBOUR

At English Harbour, the eighteenth-century British naval base from which Admiral Nelson set out on the long chase that ended in the Battle of Trafalgar, Nelson's Dockyard has been restored; and the Admiral's house is a museum. Above, at Shirley Heights—a short run by cab—stand the stone ruins of Nelson's barracks, hunks of walls and handsome pediments, arched doorways. Midway up the hill, Clarence House, where England's sailor-king William IV lived when he was Captain, is now the Governor's summer residence, cool-looking with its pale-green panelling, Queen Anne furniture, and tall, square bedrooms.

In the old careenage, where ships were turned over for work on their hulls, V.E.B. Nicholson, a former British Royal Navy Commander, runs a flourishing yacht charter. Sloops and schooners and visiting yachts tie up at the docks. Photographed on page 112, in this issue, the ketch "Outward Bound," one of his fleet of twenty-two yachts. The address: Box 103, St. John's, Antigua.

A pleasant way to see English Harbour is by the yacht "Warrior Geraint," a converted submarine chaser. On this one-day cruise, sliding past Antigua's scalloped beaches edged with coconut groves and sugar cane, the ship anchors in the deep in front of various hotels, and a launch picks up passengers. For the cruise, drinks, afternoon tea: $10; lunch ashore and cabs are extra.

### THE GOOD LIFE, AFTER NELSON

Yachting people like to stop at The Admiral's Inn in the sheltered marina of Nelson's Dockyard at English Harbour. In the lovely, pink brick, colonial house are a handful of uncluttered rooms with stark, white-washed walls, no draperies, but natural wood shutters, and bedcovers of *toile de Jouy:* a different colour in each room—green, black, pink, brown. In the bar, the beams are carved with the names of sailors, the inevitable heart-shapes dug with a pen-knife. Buffet luncheons, with especially delicious curries, are served on the terrace framed by the round stone pillars of the old boathouse. Single rooms, from $9; meals extra.

*Note:* As in most hotels in Antigua, there is no tipping; instead 10 percent is added to the hotel bill. All rates given here are summer rates, lower than

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**WHERE:** Paris, Cathédrale Notre-Dame

**WHO:** Renauld of France (and friends)

**WHAT:** Première of THE INTERNATIONAL from Renauld's exciting new collection of Gala Spectaculars for 1963!

Terrifique! THE INTERNATIONAL—sleek, smart and très French! Wear them up the avenue or around the world and carry a world of sophistication with you wherever you go. Browbands are bone-white. Flared-contour temples match or contrast with six lens colors. Magnifique! These high-fashion wraparounds from France have optically-perfect Orama IV lenses. They are distortion-free, glareproof and shatterproof, too. With continental case, $15.00 at finer stores. (Also shown: THE BIKINI, left, $15.00; THE PARISIENNE, right, $12.95.)

# Gala Spectaculars

1 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE, PARIS 1er • 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK **BY RENAULD OF FRANCE** ©1963



**INSTANT GLOW!** (just add water—don't stir)

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Submerge the person in some parts Magnetique Bath Oil mixed with many parts warm water.
Linger long.
Think beautiful thoughts.
Pat dry and splash with new Magnetique Cologne.
Spray with Magnetique Perfume. (New purse-size atomizer.)
Dress to meet your fate.

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FOR THE PRIVATE WORLD OF THE BATH

# ADVENTURE

A SHORT STORY BY

ELISABETH MANN BORGESE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A daughter of the towering Nobel-Prize-winning novelist, Thomas Mann, Mrs. Borgese is a woman who enjoys thinking, enjoys her two children, and enjoys her adventures in writing. She is the author not only of a series of short stories,* To Whom It May Concern, *but also of a fascinating new book,* Ascent of Woman, *in which she examines, with full cognizance of its absurdity, the "feminine revolution."*

The rumbling of train wheels is like the shape of clouds. You can see anything in them: beasts and nudes and lakes and profiles. You can hear anything in them: the last movement of Beethoven's Seventh; Prokofiev's Violin Concerto.

She followed the rhythm with soft beats of her hand on the white part of the armrest, and breathed the melody, audible only to her inner ear; not, certainly, to the man who walked in, saying: "Free? Libre? Frei?"—and sat down on the opposite window seat.

On and on and on. With haunting repetitiousness. Perhaps the "Bolero." And the trees passed, and cows, women working the fields; and the telegraph wires ran parallel, approached one another, separated again, rose and fell, like melodies. And the poles and the wheels and the houses and the trees: counterpointed rhythms.

The whole landscape was wheeling: rushing back in front, the horizon gently following the direction of the train. A vain circle: a vicious circle; a timeless circle on which the tracks lay like a tangent, touching in one fleeting point: always another, always the same. Sang the rhythm of the wheels: always another always the same. Always another always the same.

"May I look at that magazine?" she asked, and as she did not know his language, she insisted probingly: "Magazine, journal, gazette."

"Please go ahead," he said, in a clearly understandable language.

That was the first step. Always another always the same. Always another always the same.

She thumbed the pages. But the rhythm of the wheels distracted her. Till her eye was caught by something that made her smile. The charged charging smile that makes you feel like asking: what's so funny?

But the next step was up to him.

"Do you smoke?" he asked.

She accepted, thanked him. He lit the cigarette for her.

It turned out that she smoked little, he smoked much. Both preferred American cigarettes.

It turned out that her way was long and full of images she was quick to catch.

"I am a photographer. And you?"

"I am a scientist."

A scientist. But she didn't have the courage to ask what kind of scientist. Not to be invasive. To be discreet.

It turned out they both loved the theatre. She was more interested in the staging aspect; he loved a good dialogue. He liked older music; she liked music that made him smile. She had never been to India, but he had. They both found Paris was no longer what it used to be, but sharply disagreed on the future of—what was it?

"It will always be there," she said. "Mankind can't do without it."

"It will change with the changing times," he said. "Ev-

(Continued on page 77)






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erything changes."

Over all of which they forgot to notice it was dinner time.

They hurried through many a car: he opening the doors, she closing them behind her. They were the last to arrive in the dining car, where people were already paying their bills, tables looked grazed, and a smell of leftovers, cigar smoke, and beer enveloped them promptly.

"You'll have to hurry up," the waiter said. "We are getting there shortly."

She ordered nonchalantly a drink, appetizer, fish, cake, wine, coffee, cognac. He was more frugal, and all he wanted was an omelette.

It turned out that she liked exotic food and spices, whereas he had to watch his diet on account of a stomach condition. He enjoyed a glass of good wine, but the wine you bought here was acid, and he'd rather have none. She liked his hands, which lay idle while he did not eat. She began to love his hands, but she did not tell him. All she told him was that she had won a prize once, for a picture of hands: the beautiful hands of a dead man; a great man, but dead.

Time was short. Time was flying. The train actually pulled into the station before they had paid.

She protested *pro forma* as he took care of both checks.

"Oh no, you must not, why should you," she said.

But he smiled. He knew, he said; but he wanted to anyway, if she didn't mind, and it was all right. And the rumbling wheels slowed down: al-ways-another-al-ways-the-same, al-ways-another, al-ways-the—there was the shriek of a whistle.

They had to trot back to their car, snatch their bags and hurry to the customs office. It was almost dark now, and foggy and humid and cold.

* * *

They opened everything. They pulled up everything, in a heap of mounting confusion. She was irked by the way her most intimate apparel was laid out before his eyes. Slips and panties. Yet as she started to fold and ease them back into the suitcase, she raised them high, spreading her arms almost in front of his face, as if to say: Look. She liked the simple solid order of his bag, and the smell of lavender.

"Your declaration," the customs official said. And it was almost dark now, foggy and humid and cold.

"Do you have any currency?" the customs official asked. "You have to deposit it here. Here's your receipt, and your money will be returned to you when you come back. Here, or at any other frontier station."

They deposited their currency. It was an awkward operation. Coins from one compartment, bills from another. A line of people was forming behind them, and beginning to push.

"Time is changing here," the customs official said. "There's another time. Two hours difference."

"What?" she asked.

"You have to deposit two hours," he said. "Two hours of your life. Here's your receipt, and they will be returned to you when you come back. Here, or at any other frontier station."

"Which two hours?" she asked, bewildered.

"Any two hours, at your choice," the customs official explained.

The crowd behind them was growing, and giving signs of restlessness.

"I'll be glad to," she said, and he nodded encouragingly.

Indeed, she thought, who would not be glad to pluck out of his life two hours: wasted hours, nasty hours, hours, at any rate, one wishes one had never lived?

The crowd behind her was still swelling: everyone anxious to deposit his hours.

Recent events rushed past

(Continued on page 79)



HELBROS
THE RIGHT TIME FOR FASHION..

...and the right time for Mother's Day gift-giving. This is the Helbros "Susie," a petite and charming scalloped oval in yellow, with expansion bracelet. 17 Lifetime Jewels. Shock-protected. Unbreakable Mainspring.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

*As photographed at the Helbros Fashion Show, featuring dress by Arthur Jablow.*

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(Continued from page 77)

her, rushed back. Unpleasant events. Wicked events. Hours of envy, hours of treason. But to be able to pull them out? To extract them? They made her blink as they rushed by. The far horizon of past events inexorably followed the train of her thoughts.

"Excuse me, Miss, may I?" said a nasty little woman, trying to push ahead to deposit her hours.

They don't let you think; they don't let you remember. A vain circle. A vicious circle. A timeless circle.

She felt dizzy.

There were rows and rows of shelves from the floor to the ceiling, with little locked safes to store deposited time. Each safe was marked with the hours it contained: 2-4, 3-5, 15-17. Many indicated hours of night. People evidently were accustomed to deposit their dreams.

Take those. there. of a couple of years ago. She tried to think. Just the first horrible hours that came to her mind. But pull as she might, they would not come out. They were fastened so tight to the hours preceding them, and to those preceding these, that they seemed to be part of them, growing out of them. And with a thousand tendrils they gripped the hours that followed, up to the most recent, pulling, pulsing. All the future sat, squat and heavy, on these two hours. How could she pull them out? How could she shift them ever so little, without toppling all that followed?

"I can't pull them out," she said, and wiped the sweat from her forehead, and took a deep breath of lavender from the open bag before her. Her travelling companion was still there, he, too, waiting: whether uncertain of his own choice or simply waiting for her, she did not know.

"Come on now, lady," the customs official said, "hurry up."

The crowd behind her had swollen into an immense grey mass, amorphous like the fog of which it seemed part. A myriad of impatient arms were stretched toward her, past her, arms eager to deliver their hours.

How do they do it, she wondered. Their lives are glutinous glibber. You scoop out a couple of hours, any place, any time; and the rest coalesces, a gelatinous mass, and no trace remains of the cut.

A grey gelatinous mass, she thought. Maybe with numberless dark scratchy kernels, like an armful of frog spawn, like this crowd.

They were flowing around her by now, enclosing her from all sides, insinuating themselves between her and her companion. Their greedy arms stretched forth, like pseudopods: now here, now there, to reject their superfluous hours.

She made a desperate attack on another couple of hours of her life. But the result was exactly the same. They would not budge. Rooted in the past, borne down by the whole weight of the future, each couple of hideous hours stood there, immovable.

"Come," he said compassionately, "we must go on. I have an idea. It's quite simple. Look, it is six o'clock now. in the evening. We have to move to eight o'clock, that's all. Let's take these next two hours. unlived yet, and deposit them here. Let's move on, as we must."

It gave her a feeling of abortion to relinquish these hours unlived, unborn. But what else could she do? His advice was friendly and helpful. He did it, too, after all. Shared sorrow is half sorrow. It was the best they could do. She handed the hours to the customs official, and took her receipt. He helped her to take up her bag, still half open, with a piece of pink lace caught in the zipper.

It was dark, totally dark at once. And colder by several degrees. The carnation in the but-

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As photographed at the Helbros Fashion Show, featuring golf ensemble by Haymaker.
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CYANAMID

(Continued from page 79)

tonhole of her coat was withered, and a fly that had listlessly buzzed around his suitcase on the counter, dropped dead. It was eight o'clock all right.

* * *

The half-moon stood upright in a manlier way here than elsewhere. But the dawns and dusks were longer than any they had seen before. So long, as a matter of fact, did the sunless light hang in the glaring colours of steeples and bulging towers, that it seemed it could last forever: a timeless mockery of their lost two hours.

They were unable to adjust to the rhythm of life. They failed to understand when people ate and slept here, and why they did what they did. Nor could they explain their own actions and moods, floating like cut flowers, destined to die.

"It all depends on what happened Saturday between six and eight," he said, as they stared on the long, long red bands of the endless dusk from their seat on a stone bench by the riverbank. People hurried past them, knowing where to go and when to be there. As if their time made sense in the timeless splendour of the city.

"And we'll never know. Never."

"We went back to the compartment," she said, "and the train rolled on, from six to eight. The carnation was still fresh, and the fly buzzing."

"We talked some more," he said.

"Of Teheran," she said, "and Muslim. It turned out you had been to Iran, but I hadn't. We both thought that Pamir was a place up and coming."

"I had an idea," he said, "while we were talking. I jotted it down, developed the formula, and mailed it at the next station. The station was grey and crowded, but my message has already reached the world. It changed many things. It changed my life."

"I felt tired and heavy," she said. "when we returned from the dining car. I leaned my head on your shoulder and fell asleep."

"I watched over your sleep," he said, "sweet sleep, and when you awoke, I kissed you."

"And the train kept rolling. The wheels were rumbling, faster and faster. and we were alone."

"Your cream-coloured slip," he said, "was prettier than any you had in your suitcase."

"But that happened later," she said. "At the hotel."

"It happened later," he said, "because it happened then. Everything that happened later happened because of what happened then. Between six and eight, on Saturday."

"Those rumbling wheels," she said, "working themselves up into a frantic rhythm: someone had lost control of something. The train crashed, and there were no other hours after those."

"No." he cried. "Please. no. You must not take it that way."

She was glad to see him unlock his hands: a gesture that seemed to cancel the prize she had won for a picture of hands which could no longer unlock.

"Our car was up forward, you remember?" she said. "And the train crashed headlong into an oncoming Europe Express. The engines locked themselves one to another, in a deadly embrace."

"You are a funny girl," he said, resigned. "Why must you make everything so unpleasant?"

He stood against the sky, which was finally darkening in the West, while the manly-upright half-moon rose opposite. He stood like the manly upright moon. He stood like the steeples and bulging towers, whose glaring colours had died echoless in the darkening sky.

"We quarrelled," she said, "on the train between six and eight. We failed to understand one another. We lost interest in

(Continued on page 83)



HELBROS
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CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

Petite and eye-catchingly charming for the most important dress occasions, the Helbros "Irene W." The 10K rolled gold plate case features lovely Florentined accents, repeated for fashion emphasis on the mated expansion bracelet. 21 Lifetime Jewels. Shock-protected. Unbreakable Mainspring.

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(Continued from page 81)

each other, and, at eight o'clock, parted ways. That is what happened."

"It couldn't have happened that way," he said, sitting beside her again. "Because . . . look what came later." But his hands were cold.

"Cut flowers," she said, "doomed to die."

"You are a sad girl," he said.

"It is not I who am sad: it's cut flowers, cut hours. I don't see how you can resist."

He had a cold silent smile, like the manly upright moon.

"You are a romantic," he said. "But things change with the changing times. One gets used to it," he added, "everything is always different, always the same."

"You mean," and her mouth began trembling, "you do it all the time? You are one of those? You race around, you race against the sun, dropping a couple of hours here, a couple of hours there? Getting there before you left? HOW OLD ARE YOU?"

"Don't worry about my hours," he said. "I always get them back eventually," he said, stroking her hair.

"You tricked me," she said, "you trapped me." She could no longer hold back her tears. "And I love you. I've always loved you," she sobbed, and dug her head into his shoulder, his chest.

"You have to adjust to the new situation, that's all," he said soothingly. "Everything is so different now. The only thing that has any permanence at all today is change: the rate of change in the rate of change. You have to get used to it, that's all."

"I want my hours back," she said. "I can't live without them, I simply can't."

"You know they are there," he said. "That should be enough for you. In safe deposit. You saw it, and you have your receipt."

"That's not the same," she said, shaking, "and you know it. That's only a piece of paper."

"To me it gives all the security I want," he said. "Most of our security is paper. Accept it. In good faith. What you need is a little faith. We'll be happy."

But she shook her head. "My hours," she said. "I want my hours back. I want to be whole, as if I were the only whole thing there was in the world. My hours. I need them back."

* * *

They walked among steeples and bulging towers. The air was thick and moist and tasted of city. Neon signs were flashing absurd rhythms and colours, jerkily palpitating: grimacing anticipation of the long dawn. They ticked one type of time, the neon signs: the time that rushes past, under your eyes. But the carillons and deep bells—the city was full of them—tolled a different time: a time that inexorably followed, with the far horizon.

"I am longing for fire," she said, and shuddered. "Even a modest fire, in a fireplace, to watch and forget time," she said, "a time-devouring fire. And warming."

"But the morning fog," he said, is dense like the sea. I am longing for the ocean," he said, "the time-quenching sea."

* * *

There was no one, absolutely nobody, at the customs office. Dwarfed by the great void around them, and shivering, they were the only ones to present their receipts and ask for their deposited time.

"All right," the official said and yawned. "All right, if you want to, you may have them back. Here we are." And he handed their hours back to them.

"It is amazing," she said, "how people are anxious to get rid of their hours. And how no

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HELBROS
THE RIGHT TIME FOR FASHION..

Graduate to the elegance of the Helbros "Judith," a petite shield case in 10K yellow rolled gold plate. Florentine detailing accents the lovely mesh bracelet. 21 Lifetime Jewels. Shock-protected. Unbreakable Mainspring.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

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(Continued from page 83)

one seems to want them back."

Her words echoed in the void.

"I am so relieved to have mine back," she added.

"Where are you going to put them?" he asked.

"I don't know yet," she said, musing.

"There we go again," he said.

"No. no." she said. "This time it's different: to relive. to live again two hours of your life: two rich, unforgettable, happy hours of your life: to be happy again."

"Try," he said. "They become tedious. It's far better to remember them than to live them over. They become sticky; and then—you know already where they are all going to end. They become melancholy."

"Or take a time when you failed and did wrong. Live them over. those two hours, and do better." she said.

"The weight of the past future is crushing," he said, sadly. "You relive your two hours of failing as in a nightmare. Try as you will—since you know better now—you will fail again."

"Why do you say that?" she asked imploringly. "What shall we do now with our two hours?"

"Hurry up, lady," the customs official said, "or you'll miss your train. Here, here's your currency, too. Take your hours and hurry."

* * *

She leaned her head on his shoulder, and he kissed her, long and tenderly. The wheels were rumbling, and it was warm and dark in the compartment, and they were alone.

When she woke up, her head was resting on the white seatcover, in the corner near the window. The man was sitting opposite. The long dawn had begun.

"I'd like to go to the theatre tonight," she said. "But I am sleepy."

"You like the theatre?" he said, surmising that she was, perhaps, an artist.

"It's good in Paris," she said, "and in Tokyo."

"Have a cigarette," he said.

"No, thanks," she answered, "I smoke very little."

The dawn was endless, and the wheels kept rumbling. The telegraph wires ran parallel for a while, separated, and met again, like melodies.

She stretched, combed her hair, and powdered her face.

"May I look at that magazine?" she asked.

"Please do." he said.

She turned the pages listlessly, distracted by the rhythm of the wheels. But her eye was caught by curious titles: Dimensionality. Phenotype. Anti-matter. "Anti-matter." she wondered, "what will they invent next? I should ask a scientist, some day, what it means: anti-matter."

The train rumbled over a bridge, slowing down. Anti-matter anti-matter an-ti-mat-ter, the wheels suggested.

The man got up. "Frei. Libre. Free," he said, pointing to the seat he left. He nodded a brief goodbye and closed the door behind him.

Funny, she thought, he reminded me of someone I knew, that man. And then. God knows why, the picture came to her mind, the one that had won her a prize.

She breathed, audible only to herself. a theme from Prokofiev's Violin Concerto. Sadly the melody flowed over the rumbling rhythm of the wheels. The day ahead was hard and long, considering that she had gained two hours. And she knew no one in the city.

The train accelerated again, and now it was the last movement of Beethoven's Seventh that came to her lips. You can hear anything in these rhythms: the rumbling of train wheels is like the shape of clouds.



Whatever you wear,

wear it with




The new fragrance by Yardley

# YOUTH ON THE PROW, AND MARMALADE AT THE HELM

BY MICHAEL FRAYN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of England's best satirists, Michael Frayn has a following for his regular column in* The Observer *as dedicated as a pack of hounds after an especially sporting fox. His wit ranges from sharp to raucous, always tuned to his special beat. Selections from his columns, including this short piece, were published in England in the book,* The Day of the Dog.

Call a conference of learned and public-spirited men to discuss land drainage, ecclesiastical reform, nuclear engineering, or maritime insurance, and what do they talk about? They talk about sex.

To be precise they talk about the sexual morals of the young. If the headlines do not lie, the delectable wickedness of the younger generation's sex life has now been publicly deplored and gloated over at about a thousand conferences. I can not help shaking my head sadly at the news and wagging my finger and concluding that this country's conference-going classes have what is usually described on these occasions as an unwholesome obsession.

Not, if you must have an obsession, that there aren't worse things than sex to be obsessed with (land drainage, ecclesiastical reform, nuclear engineering, and maritime insurance spring to mind). But why only the sexual activities of the young? Why not shock your fellow delegates with accounts of the sexual delinquency of forty-year-old drainage engineers, or the growing disregard for chastity shown by aging marine insurance brokers. No interest? Just the young, eh?

I think we have quite a social problem here. I'm glad to see it was taken up by several delegates at the annual conference of the Teenage Layabouts Association in the Municipal Baths Hall over the weekend.

"The public discussion of the sexual morals of youth," said a fifteen-year-old girl delegate from Walsall, "has increased by thirty percent over the past year. I'm sure my fellow delegates will be as sickened as I was to learn of this huge rise in middle-aged prurience. It has got to the stage where no aspect of our personal relationships is safe from unhealthy comment and warped publicity."

A delegate from Brighton said he thought it was yet another facet of the Lolita syndrome—another symptom of the wave of sentimental infantilism which was sweeping through the sex life of Western society. "We children must bear the responsibility for it," he declared. "The older generation has become fascinated with the youthful freedom which we enjoy in these matters. But we can not afford to stand aside and let them pursue their inclinations to their disastrous conclusion. We have a clear moral duty to take the lead and help them to get over their immature longings by showing them that adulthood brings both responsibilities and certain rewards of its own."

A girl delegate from Sunderland said that middle-aged men and women who could find nothing better to do with their time than to put up young people as a sort of moral strip-tease show ought to be put over their children's knees and spanked.

A boy from Worksop declared that this deplorable curiosity would be less common if middle-aged people were given adequate facilities to get out into the open air and play golf or go hiking. He thought consideration might be given to extending the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme to the middle-aged.

The conference finally adopted a motion urging the setting up of a national committee to study the problem. "There is so much we don't know," said the Bristol delegate proposing the motion. "We know that a man spends the first twenty-five or thirty years of his life working out how to encompass the seduction of particular women and the last twenty-five or thirty debating how to prevent the seduction of women in general. But what happens in the intervening years to cause such a dramatic reversal we simply have no idea."

Incidentally, getting back from the Municipal Baths Hall to the shortcomings of youth once more, I have been reflecting on those yellow golliwogs which, it was said at a recent conference (on medicine, if you are interested), were worn to indicate the loss of virginity.

According to a friend of mine who is something of a golliwog expert, the golliwogs in question are badges sent out by a marmalade manufacturer in exchange for ten golliwog tokens off his marmalade pots. Brace yourself for a statistic: The firm has sent out nearly a million of the golliwogs in the past year. If you would like my views on this (and if you would, I should think you'd like almost anything), I believe it indicates a definite link between juvenile immorality and the consumption of marmalade. Oh, there was none of this nonsense in the days when children had gruel and dry toast for breakfast.

DEMONSTRATION

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"New Generation Rayon" AVRON

American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

(Continued from page 72)

those in winter which, according to hotels, begins December 15 and ends from mid-April to May.

Across the bay, some of the attractive driftwood-panelled cottages of The Inn look down on English Harbour and the goings-on of ships; other cottages stretch along a beach where Atlantic and Caribbean meet. In the terrace dining room and in the bar, which resembles a pub with walls hung with eighteenth-century prints and a letter written in 1785 by Nelson from English Harbour, the maids wear mauve-checked gingham uniforms and turbans, the waiters, white with red plaid cummerbunds. The cost for two persons sharing a cottage on the beach, including meals comes to $26 a day.

### STEEL BANDS AND BURROS

The newest place to stay, the Jolly Beach Hotel, a long ramble of buildings with bright orange doors, opened last December. Pleasant, air-conditioned, and balconied rooms in two-storey blocks face the beach which is only a step away over paved walks twisting under palms. A herd of docile burros give slow rides to the beach, or along the sands. Good food is served in the air-conditioned dining room with its West Indian high peaked ceiling, or on the flagstone terrace. On certain nights, buffet suppers outdoors offer charcoal-grilled steaks and lobsters; a round table is given over to a wide choice of cheeses. Several nights a week a steel band, in this case a group of boys, the oldest seventeen, beats out its strong rhythms. The youngest band member, aged seven—in navy-blue shorts and a very white shirt—plays the maracas, the rhythm going from his toes, bony knees, to the tips of his fingers, and finishing with a glorious flourish. For one person with meals, $15. From the airport twelve miles away, count $8, or, $3.50 for each guest sharing a cab. (A view of this beach appears in this issue on page 111.)

### FROM ONE END OF THE ISLAND...

At the northern end of the island cluster the varied living arrangements of The Anchorage Hotel: some are round South African rondavels with cone-thatched roofs, some neat two-storey, air-conditioned long buildings; many stand on the edge of the beach. The Anchorage serves good food, home-baked bread, and—a rarity—fresh island-grown salad. Luncheons about $2.50, dinner about $4.50. For one person, breakfast and dinner, from $16 to $24 a day.

Next to The Anchorage beach are the beach cottages of the Caribbean Beach Club, called locally CBC. For meals in the dining room, or around the pool, and for drinks in the bar, guests ride a funicular up the steep hill, although there is a road—straight up—between the cottages and the hill. Rooms have pleasant bamboo furniture, air conditioning, and some on the beach have terraces as big as living rooms. For one person with meals, from $21.

### ...TO THE OTHER

On Antigua's southern shore stands the Curtain Bluff Hotel, named after the high point of land between two superb coves. Here, the wings of rooms are hyacinth mauve, although the islanders speak of them as blue; sheltered against the trades, the patio dining room is walled with poinsettias, tamarind trees, and banana trees. The Bar, a cylinder built of limestone, looks like a sugar mill. On beach level: equipment for Scuba diving; on the bluff: an all-weather tennis court. Single room, breakfast and dinner, $22.

*Note:* One of the loveliest drives on the island slices through banana groves on what is called Fig Tree Hill.

### SUNSHINE AND STRONG COLOURS

The Mill Reef Club and the Half Moon Bay Hotel, both lie on the Atlantic and southern side of Antigua. Mill Reef's love-

(Continued on page 93)






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(Continued from page 89)

ly houses hide in gardens, and a long line of guest rooms stands directly above the white, foaming waves. The main house, with its arched passageways, white with bright-blue ceilings, resembles a monastery; the same blue covers settees in the bar, rather startling against pink walls. Maids wear strawberry-pink uniforms, Burgundy plaid aprons and kerchiefs. Mill Reef has a nine-hole golf course, and tennis courts, plus all the sea paraphernalia. Members may recommend guests.

Half Moon Bay Hotel stands near Mill Reef between two fingers of land which shape an enchanting cove on either side. Here, everything is blues and greens, the colours of the sea. There is a freshwater pool, and a nine-hole golf course is in the works. Here, as in most of the island hotels, hot water is partially heated by the sun. For one person, $16, breakfast and dinner included.

Only two and a half miles from the airport, and near the American missile tracking station at Hodges Bay, the Antigua Beach Hotel faces the Atlantic. (Photographed on page 116, one of the hotel's riding horses.) Rooms in the beach cottages, $15 for one person; in the main lodge, from $11 to $13 for one person; both prices include meals and afternoon tea.

### PRACTICAL NOTES ON ANTIGUA

All year, this English island is extraordinarily dry, the tropical blue streaks of rain slanting generally far off on the horizon. All day, guests lead a barefoot beach life. At night, women change to pretty little slivers of dresses; men add jackets and ties. To shop in St. John's, the capital city, women wear dresses, men appear in shorts and slacks.

Places to buy: Harper's Drug Store displays everything on shelves from floor to ceiling—canned goods, French perfumes, brand medicines, films; Pink Mongoose sells only native products such as straw hats and steel drums; the CoCo Shop has Liberty print cotton and Madras beach coats, Sea Island cotton skirts, and makes clothes to order for both men and women.

For a drink in town, everybody goes to Kensington House, the old Victorian hotel on St. Mary's Street, where the verandah bar faces a fierce patch of jungly garden. (Rum punches, about thirty-five cents; Scotch, forty-two.) In this hotel, too, are the town's barbershop and a good hairdressing place, Topping.

### TWO EXCURSIONS FROM ANTIGUA

The newest excursion from Antigua is the one-day trip to the island of Montserrat, whose three mountains haunt the view from Antigua. Arranged by LIAT, a local airline, the itinerary includes a forty-mile motor trip around the island and time for a swim, as well as the fifteen minute flight each way. Everything, $22.50 for each person, provided they number no less than two, although as many as six may travel together on one flight. Incidentally, the plan bends obligingly to the whim of the group on such things as take-off time.

Another easy distance away, twenty-two minutes by plane, lies Guadeloupe, the other island seen from Antigua on most days.

* * *

HOW TO GO: New York to Antigua on the direct jet flights of B.W.I.A. (British West Indian Airways) is about three hours and forty-five minutes flying time. Round-trip fare in economy class, $232; in first, $323. From now until December 15, a seventeen-day excursion ticket, $195. On jet-prop planes, however, fares cost some $20 less and flights are ninety-minutes longer.





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FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE


# A MAN WITH TWO EYES

A SHORT STORY BY R. P. LISTER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An Englishman who looks rather like a rugged Alec Guinness, R. P. Lister progressed from metallurgy to writing. He is the author of, as well as a light steady rain of articles, a book of poems and three novels —the latest of them,* The Rhyme and the Reason, *published this spring. This is his second piece in Vogue.*

To be distant seemed to be the only possible course with Norman Bracewell, his ways were so incalculable. One moment he was the embodiment of all that is reasonable: he would listen to another man's views with calm appraisal, not at all disturbed by their difference from his own; he might disagree, but you got no impression that another man's holding different views struck at the very roots of his being.

Then suddenly he would become a mere bundle of prejudices, striking out savagely at any departure from what was, for him, the accepted norm. His own accepted norm was, of course, conservative; he held that flogging should be reintroduced, hanging more liberally applied, lengthy prison sentences inflicted for the most trivial offences, the young silenced, women disciplined, and the natives kept under.

The odd thing was that everything depended on which side of him you sat. If you sat on his left, and happened to mention the desirability of some trivial change—say, the abolition of the monarchy, or the nationalization of land—he would listen with attention, then reply with some judicious remarks about the advantages of a permanent non-political head of State, or the stultifying effect of bureaucracy on land development.

If you sat on his right, the situation was very different. He would turn purple before you had uttered three sentences, call on the whole table to rise and join in singing the National Anthem to prove its loyalty, declare his intention of defending his half-acre of Kent to the death with barbed wire and machine-guns, and end by accusing the Government of being riddled with crypto-Communists and demanding the use of the cat-o'-nine-tails on suspected teen-age sex offenders.

All this was very difficult, considering that I was Norman Bracewell's brother-in-law, and saw him often. My wife's family did not hold advanced views, but their conservatism was like Norman Bracewell's left eye, mild and reasonable. In so far as they were squares, they were pliable squares. like the bits of felt that children used to sew together into pen wipers. Norman's squareness was like this with his left eye, but operating through his right eye he was like the squares of Waterloo, rigid, unyielding, and pouring out a hail of death-dealing lead in all directions.

Celia, my wife, asked me if I could not modify my views, at least to keep them decently concealed in the family circle. This I refused to do. If a man believed miscegenation to be immoral, I was prepared to listen to his defense of his position and demolish it calmly, and with reason; I was not prepared to let him go away in the belief that I had been convinced.

It was naturally impossible to persuade Norman to consult a psychiatrist, since even with his left eye he considered psychiatrists to be dangerous charlatans, and when he looked at them with his right all he could say, or splutter, was that they ought to be lined up against a wall and shot. There was only one course open to us: Celia and I went to discuss Norman's case with a psychiatrist ourselves.

By arrangement with this psychiatrist, Horace Rackridge, we carried out a fairly exhaustive analysis of Norman at one

(Continued on page 98)



# What is a paper trousseau? *(and why you shouldn't wait too long to select it)*

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**When should the trousseau be ordered?** It is best to take care of all details well ahead of time, because of the length of time required for engraving and because invitations should be sent out to arrive at least two or three weeks before the wedding.

**Is the particular kind of paper important?** It is very important if you wish to have everything perfect in every way. Quality of paper is most important; people do notice; and this is no time for "almost as good."

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## A MAN WITH TWO EYES

(Continued from page 96)

remove, as it were. Nothing much could be done with free association, in the circumstances; but we professed concern about his difficulty in sleeping, when we were on his left side—when we were on his right he maintained that he slept soundly every night, as anybody did who was not a neurotic weakling. In this way we gradually wormed out of him quite a lot of information about the strange dreams he had been having lately. Like any other insensitive person, he was extremely boring about his dreams, once he was let loose on them; we put up with this in the interests of the experiment.

During the whole of this time, since our rapprochement with Norman was vital to us, we avoided entirely the subjects of nuclear disarmament, stag-hunting, the Trade Unions, coloured immigration and desegregation in the Southern States. The resultant strain on my own constitution was so great that I have suffered since from hay fever and recurrent attacks of asthma.

At a certain stage it became clear to the psychiatrist, Horace Rackridge, that Norman represented an unusual case of dissociation. The personality looking out of Norman's left eye had a strongly developed ego, capable of fairly free critical judgment; the personality behind his right eye, on the other hand, had an overdeveloped super-ego, and, when he was using this eye, pretty well all Norman's reactions were automatic; whatever button you pressed, out came the built-in response. My norms being so different from Norman's norms, it was not surprising that his reactions to my button-pressing were so violent.

My mother-in-law, Mrs. Bracewell, who had been an interested, though inactive, spectator of the drama, suggested that this peculiarity of Norman's might be due to some vaguely remembered eye trouble of his childhood; some traumatic experiences might have been perceived only by his right eye, others by his left. Rackridge said this was an interesting sidelight, but that if he mentioned this factor at all in the paper he was preparing for the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, he would confine it to a footnote.

The practical treatment of Norman's trouble was not an easy matter. Trying to reassociate his dissociated halves was out of the question, since there was no possibility of persuading him along to Rackridge's consulting room. Besides, Rackridge was of the opinion that the two halves were so antagonistic that any attempt to reassociate them would be like reassociating hydrogen and oxygen by means of a spark. Rackridge was prepared to run a lot of risks with his patients in the interests of humanity, but he was not going to have Norman dissolving into a mushroom cloud on his couch.

However, there was one obvious palliative measure. One side of Norman was tolerable enough, though stupid; the other was a rigid automaton, but you could still cope with it by treating him as one. What made him impossible was that if you stood in front of him he might act either way, so you could never tell which way the cat was going to jump. Something had to be done so that only one of his personalities would be active at any one time. The means was, as I have said, obvious: somehow Norman had to be persuaded to wear an eye patch.

I wanted to aim at having his right eye permanently concealed, but I was argued out of this by the combined efforts of Rackridge, Celia, and Mrs. Bracewell. They said the only way of achieving this would be to bribe an oculist to convince him that owing to some recurrence of his early childhood trouble a permanent patch over his right eye was the only way to preserve his sight. They said it was not possible to bribe an oculist to say this, and I must admit they had something there.

We limited our aim to having Norman's eyes patched over alternately. Rackridge had an old colleague who was an oculist; after blinding him for a time with psychiatric science, Rackridge persuaded him that this measure was essential for Norman's mental health. The most difficult stage was to get Norman along to the oculist, but his leftward personality had been appreciably softened by the prolonged second-hand dream analysis we had put him through, and by approaching him exclusively from the lefthand side we achieved this feat.

Norman was persuaded that his eyes, never too strong since his childhood troubles, needed a checkup. The oculist told him that both his eyes were in fair shape, but he tended to use one to the exclusion of the other, at different times; and to prevent either one of them from falling into disuse, so causing progressive lack of coordination with advancing age, it would be better if he used only one at a time. The shirt advertisements helped. Besides, both sides of Norman tended to go into daydreams about a desperate defense of a desert fortress by the gallant legionnaire, Bracewell (even Norman's daydreams were old-fashioned), and an eye patch was the very thing to help this rôle along.

Norman got so keen on his eye patch, as a way of preventing either of his eyes from going into permanent disuse, that he was always trying to persuade me to wear one, too. My patient attention to his talk of dreams and early terrors, and my solicitude for his eyes, had quite won him over to me by now; he looked on me as a wrong-headed, but otherwise acceptable, brother-in-law. I only talked to him when he had the patch over his right eye; when I saw it was over his left I refused to go anywhere near him.

To please him, I finally did take to wearing an eye patch quite often. Oddly enough, I discovered some minor degree of dissociation in myself. I have quite got into the habit of wearing a patch over my right eye when I am with my more intelligent friends. When I am with Norman, I invariably wear it over my left eye; and these days we get on very well.




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LARRY ALDRICH

# NEW BRIDGE GAME

BY NAN WADE PEARSON

**"Chicago," a high-speed, high-scoring variant, just becoming official, is fast becoming a hit**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As a governor and chairman of the admissions committee of The Regency Club, possibly the country's Summit among card clubs, Mrs. Pearson has watched, in close-up, the arrival of "Chicago." A highly experienced bridge player, she gave in to this upstart game warily, now is one of its ungrudging converts.*

An evolution is brewing in the slow-changing world of bridge playing. If recent developments are as significant as I think they are, the most widely felt variation in the card game since contract bridge evolved nearly forty years ago is currently in the making.

The "new" kind of bridge, while probably unfamiliar to most casual bridge players, has actually been around for quite a while in basic form, if not in name. Closely related to an erratically popular game called Progressive Bridge that originated in the Twenties, the game's main features are a set number of hands in a round—four—and automatic vulnerability. In effect it streamlines the game of bridge by eliminating what Oswald Jacoby has called those "long drawn-out rubbers which simply never end." Mr. Jacoby, one of the world's leading bridge players, made the reference sixteen years ago while confidently, if somewhat prematurely, predicting that rubber bridge would give way to the then nameless form of the game based on four-hand rounds.

### HOW "CHICAGO" CAUGHT FIRE

As the title it is generally known by suggests, "Chicago" originated in the midland city, in a Chicago bridge club called the Standard Club. A few years ago, it made its way along a well-travelled route for current entertainments, from the Second City to the First. Here, in New York, it has been taken up with mounting enthusiasm by players at the city's expert-level bridge clubs: The Cavendish, The Whist Club, and only a few months ago, at America's largest bridge club, The Regency Club. (Its nine hundred members include Mr. Jacoby, Charles Goren, B. J. Becker, John Crawford, Boris Koytchou, Peter Leventritt, Sherman Stearns, Sam Fry, Theodore Lightner, and many other champion players.)

I came across "Chicago" when it was introduced to The Regency by adventuresome players early this year. At first, like others, I was reluctant to have anything to do with it. Bridge players are on the whole a conservative lot, at least as far as card playing goes; they don't eagerly wade in unfamiliar waters. There was some question, at the outset, as to whether "Chicago" would be allowed to be played at all in The Regency Club. The game had an aura of raciness because its generally higher scores (about thirty-five percent above rubber bridge) had lent it to high-stake gambling around town. Now, "Chicago" not only is played but is being played almost exclusively by the club's top players. A long-time orthodox player, I myself have become an ardent convert to the game, finding it has all the challenges of rubber bridge, without the occasional tedium.

### AN UPSTART GAME ARRIVES

When The Regency Club took up "Chicago," the game won an unquestioned place in the bridge world. Another sign of its establishment is due this month when the American Contract Bridge League for the first time will grant "Chicago" official recognition with publication of rules for the game based on the generally uniform house rules in New York's clubs and in others around the country. These are the rules I turn to now.

### HOW TO PLAY "CHICAGO"

The four hands, or deals, that make up a round of "Chicago" are scored as follows: the first hand as though neither side were vulnerable, the second and third hands as though the dealer's side were vulnerable, the fourth hand, as though both sides were vulnerable. At the end of four hands, scores can be added up—there is no bonus for winning the round—and that is that.

(The Cavendish Club plays the non-dealer's side vulnerable in the second and third hands. This is in order that the dealer, bidding first, has the opportunity to open the bidding with a preemptive bid, a high bid aimed at freezing out the vulnerable and more risk-wary opposition. Some people score all four hands as vulnerable. But by far the most prevalent scoring system is the above.)

Bonuses and penalties, doubled contracts, contracts and overtricks, honours and slams are all scored as in rubber bridge, varying with vulnerability exactly as they do in that game—with three exceptions: A game made while not vulnerable in "Chicago" wins a bonus of 300 points; a vulnerable game is worth 500 points; and partial score on the last hand brings a 100-point bonus. Partial scores in earlier hands are carried over through all later hands in the round until a game is made, by either side, at which point their credit toward game is cancelled. In other words, one side's part score in the first deal would be added to any score earned in the

(Continued on page 102)

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## NEW BRIDGE GAME

(Continued from page 100)

last deal as long as neither side has made a game in between.

Vulnerability is not affected by making a game. A side that makes a game contract in the first hand, for instance, is not vulnerable in the second hand unless it happens to be the dealer's side for that hand. One further deviation from rubber bridge: If no one opens the bidding, the deal, instead of moving, stays with the same player, and the hand is not counted in the round until it is actually bid and played. (When two decks are alternated in playing, the dealer has the option of reshuffling and redealing the same deck in cases where passed-out hands are redealt—a minor point, but one that comes up when players are particular about keeping unchanged the order in which the two decks are used.)

At the end of the fourth deal, after scores are added up and the difference between winner and loser credited to each partner of the winning side and counted against the losers, partners can be changed and new players introduced into the game.

### THE APPEALS OF "CHICAGO"

A four-hand round of "Chicago" takes between fifteen and twenty minutes—a rubber may take hours. When extra players wait to come into a game the advantage in being able to vary participants and partnerships at frequent intervals is clear. It helps, too, to encourage sociability, or to keep a player from the prolonged agony of playing with another for whom he has seething disdain. The same advantage applies when time is definitely limited. The roughly predictable time limits for each round of "Chicago" ensure players of being able to finish what they start.

### WINNING STRATEGY

While, generally speaking, the tactics in playing "Chicago" are the same as in rubber bridge, some distinct considerations arise from its systems of scoring. For instance, it makes sense to try for at least partial score toward game on the first deal, when both sides are non-vulnerable, even with a weak hand. This partial score will facilitate making game in the subsequent deals for two out of three of which you will be vulnerable and have the possibility of picking up 500 points for making game.

The 300-point bonus for making game when not vulnerable gives a stronger incentive to take risks to reach game contracts when not vulnerable, and, conversely, to stretch your bidding above your opponents' to keep them from making game. When your side is not vulnerable and the other is, there is even more reason to take risks to prevent them from bidding and making a 500-point game.

In such circumstances—"Chicago's" two hands when one side is vulnerable and the other not—the matter of redealing unopened hands becomes an important consideration. Generally it is worth it to the non-vulnerable side to open the bidding weak rather than let the hand be redealt. Conversely, the vulnerable side should let a hand go unopened and force a redeal if it can when it appears that its cards are mediocre.

The logic is this: With both sides having an equal chance to make game before any deal, the vulnerable side in "Chicago," if it clearly can not make game in a deal, has a 200-point greater stake in a redeal than the non-vulnerable side, the difference between their respective potential bonuses for game. Of course, an estimation of your side's and your opponents' relative skills could counterbalance such tactical considerations. Some very good players tend to ignore the 200-point differential when playing against weaker players on the assumption that over the long run their superior skill will win them a sufficient number of 300-point games to cover the 500-pointers that they lose.

### THE SCORE IN "CHICAGO"

In keeping score, beginning players often become confused as to which deal—first, second, third, or fourth—is being played at any particular moment, an important thing to know both for tactics and score. The New York clubs keep track by drawing an X at the top of an otherwise ordinary bridge score sheet. (Some clubs have the Xs printed for this purpose.) The four areas between the lines of the X represent players' seats at the table as seen from the particular scorer's position. The top of the X stands for the player opposite him, the right of the X corresponds to the player at his right, and so forth. Before the first deal. the scorer puts a 1 in the portion of his X corresponding to the position of the first hand's dealer. Before each of the following three deals he puts down in clockwise order the numbers 2, 3, and finally 4, in parts of the X corresponding to the respective dealer of each hand. This way he can tell at a glance which of the four hands is being played and which side dealt it.

Such is "Chicago," an easy enough game to learn assuming one already plays bridge. To judge from my own experience and observations of expert and casual players who have switched over to the game in recent months, it's a game that just as easily sways converts from rubber bridge. It may never replace rubber bridge completely, but I predict that very soon the bridge player who doesn't play "Chicago" may have a hard time finding three others eager to play the poky, old-fashioned game with him.



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V-7

# THE FOUR-OUNCE BATHING SUIT

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# VOGUE'S EYE VIEW

This dream of a turban—like a Piero della Francesca come to life—is worn by Anouk Aimée in the new Fellini movie, "8½." It was designed by Gehardi, in white organdie—and copied by smart women all over Italy.



## THE GIFT OF SUMMER

This is where the real thaw begins—the deep thaw of bone and muscle and nerve: at the sea's edge. "Go to a salt beach or failing that take a sea voyage," says the skin-and-nerve doctor when no medicine has accomplished a cure. . . . "Give them some sea bathing," says the old nanny in her salt-white uniform, scowling over a pair of scraped knees. . . . "Soak it in brine," says the trainer to the young fighter, of a sore hand that he more than hopes will hold his long-awaited fortune. . . . "Try tropic for your balm, Try storm, And after storm, calm," says Genevieve Taggard in her poem, "Of the Properties of Nature for Healing." . . . "Get a little beach colour, a little tonality, if you want to wear that pink," says the vendeuse, the mirror, the eye. . . .

*Continued on page 110*



# SALT-WATER SUMMER

JOHN STEWART

*Summer gift:*
*salt-water beauty,*
*continued from*
*page 107*

Of seas, we ourselves prefer an open sea to a sheltered one; a beach with vegetation as close to the ground as a frightened house cat. We steer clear of sea gull conventions and their nesting grounds, although we like their sound. About which swim is best, we are torn: there's the brilliance of the first swim of the day, heightening as it does the senses, cleansing the tastes, able to make a fresh white bath-towel seem impossibly fragrant, and, later, to transform a cold meat sandwich and chilled white wine into the most delicate and unforgettable of meals. We like the midday swim, the strong salt coating it leaves on the body, and the deep percussion of sun on those crystals of salt; we like the beach when the other bathers have gone up to lunch leaving their empty towels "flung down like prayer rugs in the sun." We like the last swim of the day when the water has thinned and its liquors are pure mineral. We like beach housekeeping: the blankets, baskets, rugs, the tall umbrella; the memory, from *Tender Is the Night,* of the young woman "under a roof of umbrellas making out a list of things from a book open on the sand. Her bathing suit was pulled off her shoulders and her back, a ruddy, orange brown, set off by a string of creamy pearls, shone in the sun."

We like the sight of piper-legged girls in their wet slick maillots, and we're moved by the older woman who "shouldn't" wear a bikini and does, sunning her body in solitude and savouring the strength the salt-water summer gives her. No wit is chill enough to stay within the bounds of cleverness, yet deny her the right to her point of view, her delight in a bath of air. (*Why in Heaven's name shouldn't she have that pleasure?*)

No exercise on earth compares with beach walking and sea bathing; no pumice is as effective as a mile-long strip of sand. We're not dismayed by hair that's sea-washed (just rinse it later); or by the prospect of sunburn (there's no need to have it happen—we go into that later in this issue).

Even without knowledge of the fact that seas were formed by an ancient washing of lands, the sea strikes us as the salt of the earth.

# SALT-WATER STRIPES ON THE AZURE WEATHER-TRACK

Blue-on-blue stripes, bare but efficient: swimmer's suit, swimmer's body—lean, hard, supple; fitness radiating from it as salt shimmers on wet, tanned skin. Bathing suit by Elisabeth Stewart; of knitted Helanca nylon and Lycra (Fair-Tex fabric); about $20. Saks Fifth Avenue. The surf in the photograph at right pounds—in a gentle West Indies way—at the sands of The Jolly Beach Hotel, Antigua.

ART KANE





The taste of salt—in the air, on the skin, everywhere . . . the sense of unwinding—a stretching and flexing of muscle and tissue . . . an unself-conscious kind of beauty—oiled skin, sea-slicked hair, whipped by wind. On water is where the salt-water life is lived most freely, most intensely. No merely pretty clothes wanted here. Clothes that *do* as well as dazzle are the thing—are the news at left: loose, covered over-blouse and straight pants, in glistening white nylon ciré—they'll do, and do beautifully. Both, by Ernst Engel, of Du Pont nylon. Overblouse and pants, about $45. At Saks Fifth Ave.; Julius Garfinckel.

THE WHITE-CIRÉ
ACTION ON THE AZURE
WEATHER-TRACK

ART KANE

# SALT-WATER CLOTHES ON THE AZURE WEATHER-TRACK

White duck windbreak, near right, hooded, snapped in at the edges, bloused over little salt-white duck shorts—and dashing in the most soul-satisfying out-of-doors way: because it works. And because on the azure weather-track, nothing dazzles more than blazing white, and a long, tan stretch of leg. By Florence Walsh, of Dacron-and-cotton (by Galey & Lord). Windbreak about $15; shorts about $10. Altman's; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Makoff. Slicker-sweater, far right, in gleaming white vinyl, with a knitted wool turtle neck, terry-cloth lining—braced and bracing against the spray, against the spanky black-and-white of striped jeans. By John Weitz Boutique. Top about $70; jeans, of Dacron and cotton, about $45. Both at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Yare background: the Bermudian ketch, "Outward Bound"; details, on page 72.

ART KANE





# AMERICAN SUMMER

## BY JOAN DIDION

IT IS THE SUMMERS of our middle childhood that we remember with an almost impossible clarity. We may forget the summer we were married; we do not forget being twelve years old and lying face down on the deck of a red-sailed Star and trailing one hand in blue Maine water, so cold it seemed to burn the bone. We may forget the summers we travelled, may no longer see clearly the rose windows at Chartres; we see instead, as if the retina had been indelibly scarred, the yellow of the columbine, the white rush of water over rock, somewhere near Colorado Springs, the summer we were ten.

Because my own middle childhood was spent in the Sacramento Valley, where summer is less a season than a five-month siege, my mother and brother and I would go, come June, to a place on the Marin County coast called Stinson Beach: unkempt, desolate, so rickety that geraniums obscured even the sunbleached Coca-Cola signs; a sandspit with approximately the resort pitch of the Outer Aleutians. At Bolinas, eight miles up the coast, an old movie (frequently Spencer Tracy in *A Guy Named Joe*) was shown on alternate Saturday nights; at Stinson Beach, the raciest available diversion was playing "Ghost Riders in the Sky" on the jukebox in the combination grocery store, drugstore, and Greyhound Bus station. (I recall, flawlessly, the social high spot of my eleventh summer: a day's excursion to San Francisco to have my chest X-rayed.) "Jimmy swims until he's blue," my mother would write to my father (on postcards still kept in the box with the broken shells, the translucent pressed nasturtiums, all the small stinging proofs that *time is the school in which we burn*); "and Joan and I have worn the spots off our cards."

The game we played while my brother turned blue was—tellingly—double solitaire. Some (my father, for one) might have said we were wasting time: I think we were not. " 'Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand,' " recited my mother, those summer afternoons, " '*but come and see my shining castle, built upon the sand.*' "

Castles on the sand, candles on the table so the dust would not show. Safety pins in our bathing suits, ragged towels we dragged in the surf and dried on the rocks; nectarines in a paper bag, and solitaire, with the late afternoon sun glazing the Pacific. (*Clear to China, baby,* we told my brother: China was then still a country of the mind.) It is a legacy I would not trade: I never learned, those summers, to iron a shirt or speak French or scramble an egg ("If you never learn how," said my mother, with curious but engaging logic, "you'll simply never have to"), but I did learn, or began to learn, how to escape from the world.

Hint to me not of schizophrenia here; keep those eyebrows down. "Escape" is a perfectly sensible word that needs to be retrieved from the underworld of amateur psychopathology, and losing one's hold on reality is sometimes the better part of valour. Summer is, after all, the season of escape: the landscape in which to contemplate, alone, our failures and our possibilities; the safety valve, the frontier that none of us wants—or can afford—to see closed.

But "none of us," of course, is transparent projection; "most of us" would be more accurate. There is a kind of woman who (Continued on page 204)



The lures of a salt-water summer are almost without limit: no tranquillizer is more calming, no vitamin more exhilarating. Beauty is a gift of it, and fitness seeps into the body like sunshine. In this climate, fashion is the simplest of pleasures —the joy of slipping into something efficient, unfettering, and terribly pretty. No decisions: you wear, with the white jersey bathing suit at left, a golden tan and very long legs (an illusion, if not a fact, made by the briefest of skirts, paper-fan pleats). By Sacony, of Arnel-and-nylon jersey; about $22. Saks Fifth Avenue. The sea and sand photographed here are at the disposal of guests of the Antigua Beach Hotel. British West Indies Airlines will get you there—and one of the Hotel's horses will get you around nicely afterwards. (For details, page 93.)

**SALT-WATER PLEATS ON THE AZURE WEATHER-TRACK**

ART KANE

# NEW LOOKS FOR BEACH PEOPLE

New keenness for the water's edge—bathing suits with news in their shapes, colours, curves, and angles. Some in two parts, showing a stretch of mid-riff. Blacks, with flattering necklines. Stripes and plaids, overblousy tops. Ruffles (see opposite), a flash of gold, and a colour that's bright on beach people this year—grey. All, splashed on these and the next four pages. A RUFFLED HEM, opposite page, on a bathing suit with easy, unruffled, almost-chemise fit (bathing suits are often so feminine now that they're being called swimming dresses). This, clear sunny yellow, with shock-coloured scarf under a straw saucer hat—this idea of wrapping up a head is big on the beach now. Suit by Catalina, of knitted Helanca nylon and Lycra; about $25. Echo scarf. Both at Best & Co. Bathing suit, also at Jordan Marsh, Florida; Frederick & Nelson. Hat by Lilly Daché. Pink Amethyst lipstick by Elizabeth Arden. DOTTED BLOUSON, right, round-necked and blowy over snug, sassy shorts. This bathing suit, all one piece; blue with dotted top. By Pius Wieler, of knitted Helanca nylon and Dacron; about $28. At Bonwit Teller; Goldwaters. BLACK AND WHITE PLAID, below, one of the big-and-bold plaid looks for this year's swims, in a stretchy open-middle suit with fairly high neck at front, lower back, snug belted shorts. By Brigance for Sinclair, of Chemstrand nylon; about $25 at Peck & Peck; I. Magnin. Natural straw hat by Mr. John.





HORST







## FOR BEACH PEOPLE

Two more approaches seaward, with soft young shapes: a pale-grey look, and the dazzle of sun-catching gold. SILVERY DOVE GREY, above, a colour that's fresh against white sand now, in a bathing suit of knitted elasticized Orlon, cotton, and nylon, with maillot shape, low round neck. By Peter Pan; about $23. Big straw saucer by Christian Dior-New York. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at Burdine's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Sunglasses by Sutain. The lipstick: "00" by Dior. TWO GOLD PIECES, opposite, with a lean cut of midriff between—a bathing suit that's brilliant in the sun, glints like a goldfish in the water, has the added surprise-angle of being remarkably durable. By Rose Marie Reid, made of gold-coloured cotton woven with Lastex and Lurex gilt threads; about $30, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros. White straw hat by Christian Dior-New York.

HORST



# FOR BEACH PEOPLE

WHITE STRIPES, opposite, floating to the top of a black suit with a smooth shape. By Jantzen, knitted Helanca nylon; $20. Hat by Chesterfield. Both at Bloomingdale's. Bathing suit: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Burdine's; Halle Bros. Luigi sandals: Delman.
FAKE ALLIGATOR, this page, right, put back into the water as a black maillot. This with high neck, bias front for easy fit, a look of wetness. By Cabana, of Estron acetate and Enka rayon (alligator-grained fabric by Ameritex). About $23 at Bonwit Teller; Burdine's. Straw hat: Lilly Daché.
BARE SQUARE TOP, lower right, on a black bathing suit of Helanca nylon and silk matte jersey. By Rudi Gernreich; about $30 at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Hat by Adolfo.
SLEEVES, off to a small start on a black maillot, below. By Cole of California, of nylon and silk; about $30. Scarf by Echo. Both: Lord & Taylor.

HORST





# "FORGIVE ME, BUT MY MIND SHOWS"

*Editor's note: Marya Mannes, a handsome, unabashedly creative woman of words—from light verse to strong criticism—is married, has a grown son, likes to do things around her house and kitchen: small domestic facts bearing on the fairness of her proclamation of independence here. A former Vogue editor who has written many articles for this magazine, Miss Mannes has gained a widespread reputation, partly through her appearances on television, where she bluntly but delightfully gives her opinion, and partly through her collected essays,* More in Anger, *now in paperback, where she lets go. This article will appear in a McGraw-Hill book,* Man and Civilization: The Potential of Woman, *to be edited by Dr. Seymour M. Farber and Dr. Roger H. L. Wilson of the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco.*

BY MARYA MANNES

Many times during this examination of a certain kind of woman and the world she lives in, I have asked myself: who cares? It is not merely that creative women—those who can produce intellectually and artistically as well as biologically—are a minority, constituting a very small portion of the female population of this country. It is, I am reluctantly convinced, that they are neither particularly wanted nor particularly valued. Oh, you and I have read scores of articles these last years about the great wasted reservoir of female intelligence, about the nation's need not only for educated women but for thinking women trained and ready to apply their knowledge and skills in professions that presumably cry for them. But if the call is there, I have not heard it. And if the need is there, society—and that includes women—either ignores it or rejects it.

This rejection has been confirmed by fact as well as inferred by personal experience. Not long ago *The New York Times* published an article on the job status of women in which Martin Tolchin wrote: "The educated women of America have lost ground in their attempt to place their talent at the disposal of a nation that professes to be hungry for brainpower." And later on he says, "The decline of the professional women has been attributed to a combination of factors that include earlier marriages, misuse of education, job discrimination, and what Mary I. Bunting, President of Radcliffe College, calls 'hidden persuaders . . . the cultural forces that tell a woman it is unladylike to use her mind.'" I would add that all these factors stem from one major cause: fear. Fear in both men and women of the next step in the continuing revolution they prefer to ignore . . . steps which I rashly intend to define.

For what I write from now on will be subjective: the result of my own experience and observation, for I *am* a woman and I *think* I am creative. And although dozens of books and hundreds of papers and articles have been written by many wise and wiser people on this subject, and although some of what they have said will be echoed by me, I choose to ignore them now. What is more, I am sick—as a woman—of being talked about and written about, especially by men who can not feel what we feel, or by women who are not what we are. And the only reason that I am adding more words to this subject is that I feel it high time to think radically and in new terms, to clear away what I consider to be a thicket of misconceptions and timidities, and to open a window in the suffocating room of our present social patterning. Some of my ideas, therefore, are bound to be unpalatable, if not repellent, to the majority of our citizens who believe that prosperity and procreation—in wedlock, of course—are the only valid goals of man and woman. I happen to think that there are other goals as valid—and as valuable—both for man and woman.

How did I get that way? Well, I saw it around me when I was a small child. My mother and father were both concert musicians and both teachers, my mother of the piano, my

father of the violin. There was nothing strange whatever to me in the fact that my mother, a woman, spent much of each day practising or giving lessons, that she often went off on tour with my father, and that she couldn't boil an egg. She didn't have to. In the early part of the twentieth century even people of very modest means had cooks and nurses, and it was taken equally for granted by my brother and myself that if our mother was away, the cook, the nurse, or the great-aunt who lived with us, would take care of us. There was no sense of rejection, no shocks at being "motherless" for a period of weeks. Life went on fully; we studied, ate, and slept, and when our parents did come back we were delighted to see them.

It was also quite natural to me that, besides being an artist of real distinction, my mother created an extremely attractive home, took care of all my impractical father's personal needs, entertained scores of fellow musicians, and was, for all her attainments, intensely feminine and maternal.

Now you can say two things that I, as a child, did not then realize. One was that my mother was an exceptional woman. The other was that servants and relatives made it possible for her to maintain a professional life and a domestic life without harm to either. Both were true. I can add one more thing: that the temper of the time was different. The mass media had not enthroned the housewife as God's noblest creature and best consumer, reams of nonsense were not being written about woman's proper rôle, and women themselves did not regard professional or career women with that mixture of envy, disapproval, and superiority which seems to colour contemporary social attitudes. Women like my mother were then, as they are now, a minority, but an accepted and admired one.

It was therefore quite natural that I should grow up believing that all was possible for a girl or woman. Certainly, both my father and brother made it seem so. Both spoke to me as equals of many things that girls are not supposed to be interested in. My brother passed on to me the first principles of physics, the relativity of time, and how to throw a curve with a baseball. My father discussed with me, from the age of ten years onward, such things as the nature of melancholy, how to get a vibrato on a violin, and how sickness could be caused by states of mind. I lived, therefore, for over seventeen years in the world of imagination and discovery, going steady not with the boy next door but the men out of range. I was passionately in love with Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Henry V of England, and John Barrymore of Hollywood. . . . I did not start transferring my affections to more attainable men until I was nineteen, at which point I threw away the books along with self-restraint.

But at no time, then or since, did I throw away a sense of fierce independence as a human being and the desire to attain distinction in terms of mind and spirit and expression. Since I wanted to experience the full range of human experience, the thought that my sex should confine me exclusively to wifehood, motherhood, and domesticity was untenable. I did not even, at that early age, want children. I wanted that splendid but impossible thing called freedom. I still do—but I know where it is—within—and how hard it has to be fought for.

Now I have dwelt on this background not because it was right for a woman or natural for a woman, but because it was right and natural for the kind of human being I happen to be and which a number of women—far more than we suspect—are. It took me a good many years to figure out what that is and why it is. It is something which others might define in the precise terms of their professional knowledge but which I can only describe very simply as this: that each human being, male or female, is composed of both male and female components and that the proportion of one to the other varies widely in each person. While the public generally assumes that all normal women are, or should be, a hundred percent female, the truth is that a woman can be seventy or even sixty percent female to thirty or forty percent male and still function biologically as a woman, with all the physical attributes which this entails.

Yet together with these functions and attributes, the woman with a higher quotient of masculine qualities must function also on other levels, whether it is in the world of ideas or performance, or in the expression of sexual drives not necessarily linked to procreation. Such women can love men yet not submerge themselves in men; can love children, but not dedicate themselves to them; can enjoy domesticity but not devote themselves to it; can be feminine but not make a fetish of it. In so being, they may miss the intense pleasures of submission, the unity of character and the security of rôle which the "normal" women enjoy, but they can also gain that breadth of experience, intellectual and emotional, that free and single identity which their majority of sisters are often denied.

But the women who feel compelled towards creative expression, whether in the arts or sciences, in exploration and adventure, in the battles of politics and government, must learn to accept the losses which accompany these gains. And here we come to the basic root of the problem confronting men and women today: acceptance not of what society *thinks* we should be but what we really are. Everything I have said about creative women applies equally to non-competitive men: the dreamers rather than the doers, the non-go-getters, the sensitive and gentle men who possess a higher-than-average proportion of female components without being in any sense effeminate. Equipped neither as fighters nor—primarily—as breadwinners, lacking the desire to impose their will on others or to dominate the women they love, they are in their own way as valuable to society as their "normal" aggressive brothers.

The trouble is, I think, that this complexity of rôles within men and women—the result of a slow, long, but dramatic revolution in the sexes—has not been realized by the public as a whole. Or if it has been subconsciously recognized, it has been consciously rejected. (Continued next page)

# "FORGIVE ME,

Why? Because it challenges the whole structure of marriage, the family, society as we now know it. It challenges a good many time-worn assumptions that have been not only comfortable for men but convenient for the majority of women, too.

For equality is not at issue here. Equal franchise, equal pay, the end of legal and civil discriminations against women have been, though fought for, inevitable. What is at issue is the recognition of minorities, among which creative women and nonaggressive men are the largest—far larger, I repeat than we think. That this recognition must extend to, and include, the homosexuals at either end of the spectrum, goes without saying. Whether these manifestations of human complexity or, if you will, deviation, are desirable is not the question either. They exist, they are here, they will not go away, they may even increase. The point is to make them productive instead of destructive, to recognize what values they have, to incorporate them openly and without prejudice into our society. For it is the refusal to accept and even value their difference from the norm that causes unhappiness and ultimately harm: the problems which I am here confining to the creative woman.

What exactly are these problems? The earliest, I would think, are her parents. From infancy they give her no choice to be anything but what they think a girl should be. They smother her in pink when she might prefer blue, they give her dolls when she might prefer trains, they present her with books about girls when she might rather read about boys, and they send her to a psychiatrist if she, at sixteen, likes books better than boys. Now, in fact, they initiate the mating process when she is twelve in the firm conviction that the only possible future for her is early marriage, lots of children, and a suburban home. If their girl shows a desire to paint or model or write verse, the more intelligent parents, of course, encourage her. A talent is fine so long as it is kept within bounds—meaning youthful expression before the real business of being a woman takes over. It is far more disturbing if the female over eighteen still wants to be a doctor, or a biologist, or a lawyer, although parents can comfort themselves with the hope that when she meets budding doctors, biologists, and lawyers in the course of her studies, she will choose the husband rather than the profession.

But even if her parents, as were mine, are proud of her intellectual curiosity, her talent, her independence of spirit, and encourage them, she can never escape the relentless, steady nudging of society: the assumption that she is in some way unfeminine, that she is jeopardizing her future happiness as a woman, that what she is doing is merely a substitute for her true—and only valid—functions. Everything she sees about her, moreover, seems to confirm this assumption. From childhood through adolescence the women she sees about her—her mother, her neighbour, her best friend's mother—are homebound and house-oriented to a degree not even experienced by *their* own mothers—and certainly not dreamed of by those valiant pioneers of sixty years ago whose militant efforts to widen women's horizons and take them *out* of the kitchen earned them ridicule along with rights. They must be turning in their graves to see most of their female descendants not only being full-time servants to their many children and to their houses, but serene in their sense of superiority over their career-bound sisters.

The housewife image, moreover, is exalted daily by all the mass media which find in the young, large, solvent family an inexhaustible market. In television soap operas the apron is the mark of a good woman, the career the sign of a frustrated one, the single existence the proof of a desperate one. In the fiction in the mass women's magazines the heroine is never brilliant, original, creative, or ambitious. In all the ads in all the media, woman steps out of her four-walled rôle only long enough to drive the car to school, to the hairdresser, or to market.

Irresistibly, the American girl is formed into this image from childhood, and by the time she is going steady at twelve, her future is so clearly indicated that only exceptional will and courage can change it. For the risk of changing it is loss of popularity which in turn is loss of femininity which in turn has been drummed into her as acquired characteristics of dressing, make-up, attitude, and talk that mark her as desirable. Clearly listed as undesirable in this lexicon of attraction are independence of mind, intellectual ambition, and attachment to work.

So our girl in this free country has, in truth, little choice. Security is the goal, and as soon as possible. Marry the boy right away, get the house right away, have the brood right away. No time for search of self, no time for experiments in love and life, no time for interior growth, no time for the great world outside.

Now what is wrong with that, you say? The majority of women since time began have found their greatest fulfillment in the home as wife and mother. If they hadn't, the race would have perished. Why grudge them their happiness just because it isn't yours?

I do not grudge them their happiness. I merely question whether a number of them are indeed happy: whether given a real choice by a more fluid society they might not be better doctors than mothers, better mathematicians than homemakers, better courtesans than wives. I could question equally whether a number of the young men trapped into domesticity and corporations at twenty would not be happier explorers than fathers, poets than husbands, and rakes than lawnmowers.

Ah, says society, but what about the continuance of the race, what about the structure of the family, what about the sanctity of marriage? Again, I find myself—in the light of the present—questioning whether the profound changes working on all three are either understood or accepted as reality demands that they should be.

Has not, for instance, unlimited procreation become a danger as great, or greater, than the bomb? Is not the large

family now an indulgence rather than a duty—a luxury for which the children themselves will pay with intolerable congestion, inadequate schooling, and the deprivation of those amenities and pleasures which make for civilized living? Is a proliferation of babies more important to the race now than the development of intelligence? And if all these questions suggest that man and woman may have reached a stage where love has other goals besides procreation, should they not be recognized as valid and therefore acceptable?

Whether they are or not, they exist. Nature has ways of adjusting herself to the realities. The world can sustain many different kinds of love, whether it is between man and man —a relationship that has often been culturally productive, between woman and woman, between man and mistress. All, in a sense, are in revolt against a society so overwhelmingly swaddled in domestic units that it can not see beyond the next mortgage or the next car to the next holocaust. All are in revolt against concepts of the correct and normal rôles for men and women which bear no relation to the sexual duality inherent in a great many people.

Of these the creative woman is, as I've said, a prime example. And her problems are not as inherent in her nature as in her relationship to a society which accepts her only on certain conditions. It is her attempt to gain this acceptance by fulfilling these conditions that makes for trouble.

Let's look at some of them. Nobody objects to a woman being a good writer or sculptor or geneticist if at the same time she manages to be a good wife, a good mother, good-looking, good-tempered, well-dressed, well-groomed, and unaggressive. These are the entrance charges for the approval of other men and women. They are, I maintain, exorbitant to the point of impossibility. Nobody expected George Eliot to be a beauty. Nobody worried about Jeanne d'Arc's haircut. Emily Dickinson was not scorned for being childless. Nobody urged Marie Curie to dye her hair.

I was interested to see photographs of Dr. Kelsey, who did so much to keep the drug thalidomide out of the country. It was clear that a woman of that degree of dedication to her work didn't have the time to have her hair coloured or spend hours shopping. Why should she be expected to? Yet we think we are because of one thing only: the fear that men will reject us. Thanks largely to the brilliant manipulation of mass media, women are obsessed with an ideal of femininity as the guarantee of happiness. Be thin, be smart, be gay, be sexy, be soft-spoken. Get new slipcovers, learn new recipes, have bright children, further your man's career, help the community, drive the car, smile. And if you can write a best seller or a Broadway hit, too, that's great.

There are some women who manage to do just that, and they fill me with awe and envy. But most of us who produce in the realm of thought and ideas can not do and be all these things and should not try. Evidence abounds that even the supposedly contented suburban housewife with four children and no aspirations beyond her home is a victim of this multiplicity of rôles. In the process of trying to be a mother, wife, lover, chef, servant, and hostess, she apparently consumes alarming quantities of tranquillizers and alcohol—surely not an index of fulfillment. Yet those of us who aspire creatively struggle as she does to prove to the world that we too are feminine and, therefore, desirable.

This, I maintain, is a sort of craven appeasement that does no honour to a free intelligence. For, the fact is, we can not have our cake and eat it too. We can not enjoy our mobility, our resources, our liberties, our triumphs, our intense and heady involvements without paying for them. And these are some of the prices: the first is popularity. At school, the brilliant, intense girl student with dreams in her head isn't going to get the boys unless her attractions are strong enough to deceive them. In this case she will probably get the wrong boys, for the right ones won't be ready for her. Beauty is possibly the greatest hazard of a creative woman—to herself as well as to its victims. Male adoration is a powerful deterrent to female sense, and it is extremely difficult to tear one's self from loving arms and say, "Sorry, darling, I've got to work." It is so much easier and pleasanter to drown in current delights than gird for future dreams. Also, beauty demands a degree of maintenance, and it is the strong woman who turns her back on the hairdresser to gain two extra hours of work. Certainly, creative labour has been a compensation in many women of talent for the attractions they lack, and there is no doubt that homeliness permits a dedication and continuity which beauty fragments. In this case, the advance of middle age can be a boon: as the lines increase, the distractions dwindle, and seduction can be more easily confined to the typewriter or microscope.

After school or college, the creative young woman seriously concerned with work will have to realize that marriage with the wrong man can be worse than no marriage. While all her sisters are marching down the aisle at nineteen and twenty for the sake of being married, she must have the nerve to resist the stampede and give herself time to learn, to experience, to grow in the direction of her free dreams. Above all, she must not be afraid of singleness or even loneliness, for I know of no woman, let alone man, who has any stature or worth without knowledge of either. It is the insecure and the immature who can not bear the thought of their own singularity, who must hold on to another hand from puberty onward, who surround themselves with human buffers against the world.

Since vitality and curiosity are essential equipments of a creative woman, she must be willing to pay the price of trial and error—loving men who may not love her, being loved by men she can not love. If she is worried about what others think of her, by what standards of morality she is judged, she will not stand the gaff of independence long.

If she marries, soon or late, she will be wise to find the man with sufficient female sensi- (Continued on page 206)

# BUT MY MIND SHOWS"



# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sudden assault of spring. . . . The savvy book, *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree,* Arthur Lewis's history of bonneted, long-skirted Hetty Green who made mostly by herself one hundred million dollars, proving that climb does pay. . . . The further explosion of talent by Geraldine Page as the silly Nina in Eugene O'Neill's long, undisciplined but sometimes fascinating *Strange Interlude.* . . . The university professor who said to his students: "Gentlemen, we each have two different obligations. It is mine to talk and yours to listen. If you finish before I do, just raise your hand."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, the uproarious attractiveness of Maggie Smith, strong-boned, blonde, in Jean Kerr's comedy, *Mary, Mary,* where she exhibits discreetly her knock-about timing, her feel for the funny line. . . . The wide sweep of pleasure in the new Man Ray exhibition of drawings, water colours, photographs, paintings, and Dada objects of his affection at New York's Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery. . . . The increased drone of happy folk singers, ranging from Oregon to Beirut. . . . The lovely attitude of amateur curiosity that underlies some of the Jack Paar television show. . . . The blank-faced idiocy that propels too many Off-Broadway producers into doing such miseries as *Hey You, Light Man.* . . . In Paris, the number of Baby Austins, painted to whim, including some little ones patterned in wicker like dehydrated Rolls-Royces.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The strong-minded Washington newsmen who think that tax-cut talk may stop just there. . . . In Italy, the fanfare of Garbo movies on Sunday night television, bowling over, especially, the generation that Never Knew. . . . The acumen and heart of Daniel Abrams playing in New York and Baltimore the full cycle of Mozart's Piano Sonatas. . . . Sybille Bedford's new novel, *A Favourite of the Gods,* crisp and unsatisfying, like eating Cracker Jacks in bed.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The miracle of tension that lies in the new Italian film, *The Four Days of Naples,* explicitly noting the horrors of war and the horrors of war's excitement. . . . In Athens, the exquisite restoration of the small Byzantine monastery, Kaisariani, by Kaity Argyropoulo who has partially reforested Mount Hymettus, let the wild flowers, especially the ones called Blood of Adonis, grow all over the place. . . . "Synapse," another psycho-medico word infiltrating pseudo-medico vocabularies. . . . The grey, grim, flickered-with-amusement face of Anne Bancroft in Brecht's reworking of the Shavian paradoxes about war and peace in *Mother Courage and Her Children,* a thorough piece of theatricality, bitter, funny, objective; the woman who saw in the play's program that the time span runs from 1624 to 1636 and said: "Oh, in Biblical times."

## H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND THE HONOURABLE ANGUS OGILVY

The glass coach rode again—this time for the wedding at Westminster Abbey of the tall, easy, attractive daughter of Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent and the late Duke of Kent to the tall, craggy-faced Angus Ogilvy, the second son of the Earl and Countess of Airlie of Scotland. At thirty-four, he is an enterprising financier with his wicket international investments; he is a good shot, dances tremendous Scottish reels in kilts, has an open, big smile, a bursting sense of humour, and a philosophical turn of mind. His bride, Princess Alexandra, first cousin to Queen Elizabeth, often takes on certain royal duties, captivates by her quick, joyous humour, her uncut sincerity. "People recognize at once that she is a sterling character," said a friend. That may be the most royal manner of all.

CECIL BEATON

# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Continued

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The solid judgment, the extremities of theatrical taste of Joan Littlewood's London production, *Oh What a Lovely War*, a marvellous jumble of First World War humours and bitterness, scraped down until the lunacy shows through. . . . Herbert Gold's new novel, *Salt*, romantic, clinical, raw, and sometimes curiously arch; its characters who appear so nice just happen to be debauched. . . . A way of awarding the United States Freedom Medal, an answer to Britain's honours list. suggested by August Heckscher, the President's cultural adviser: nominees should be so deserving that the reaction to them is, "Yes, of course," rather than "Who's that?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The superb cunning of the makers of the five hundred and fourteen gold objects from Peru at The Brooklyn Museum where the exhibition includes a ceremonial tunic of 18-k. gold that looks like a magnificent hand-hooked rug. . . . The British movie, *This Sporting Life*, honest, believable, brutal, and not yet in this country. . . . In London, *The Many Coloured Coat* by Morley Callaghan who has written a novel with speed and undoubted polish about a man not quite worth the time. . . . In Cincinnati, the piñata-party atmosphere around the city's May music festival, the oldest non-stop in the country, planning for its ninetieth anniversary this month a new Gian Carlo Menotti choral cantata, *Death of The Bishop of Brindisi*, based on a children's crusade; it soars with the heartbreaking voices of children.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The homely charms of Alan Arkin whose scientific timing increases the delight of the small jokes, which he seems to say by mistake in the small play, *Enter Laughing*. . . . Castillo's extravagant Goya-esque costumes—white, gold, black and brown and red—for *Don Giovanni* at Milan's La Scala. . . . The unexpected reactions by children to old movies on television; they laugh at King Kong. . . . The two hundred women who had the sense to take the New York University courses on investing and securities at the Bank of New York.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The pawky twist of technique by Annie Ross in London where she added clowning to her cool scatty jazz singing. . . . The shutdown in Paris of a number of famous small night places, the emergence of a bistro, La Chaumière en l'Ile, for charcoal-broiled meats and the sight of singers and actors and their loves eating. . . . Glynis Johns, luscious as fudge, in George Bernard Shaw's exhausted play, *Too True To Be Good*. . . . Nancy Mitford's new book, *The Water Beetle*, a series of essays that read like uncut conversations with a woman who has a reputation for wit and scathing, scattered denunciations. . . . Twelve-year-olds who swipe with scathing denunciations at other twelve-year-olds: "You big kid." . . . The erudite New York taxi drivers who turn on their radios to stations broadcasting classical music, may delight their riders with Bach's Toccata and Fugue.

HORST



## PAUL MELLON AND COLLECTION

Quiet, attractively academic in manner, Paul Mellon (above) is, at fifty-six, one of his generation's great Collectors—a word that has to do not with accumulation but with discrimination. With his wife, an enchanting woman whose contained reserve suggests a figure in a mediaeval tapestry, Paul Mellon has assembled—among his other paintings—a great private collection of paintings of England: superbly instructive, personal, a depth study of that great age, the century and a half between 1700 and 1850. On view in the United States for the first time, now through August 18 at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, this Mellon Collection spans not only such English painters as Stubbs, Rowlandson, Constable, Turner, Blake, and Hogarth (one of whose theatrical scenes, from the Collection, is shown *opposite, below*), but such non-English painters of English scenes as Canaletto. (*Opposite, above:* one fine Canaletto from the Collection.)

Where these four hundred paintings and drawings hang, usually, is at Oak Spring, the Mellon farm in Upperville, Virginia, where even the gardens show a collector's cool eye: defined in scale, beautiful in detail. Both at Oak Spring and at the small, pretty apartment the Mellons keep in New York, there is an abundance of lived-with art: in the photograph above, taken in their sitting room, the large painting is a Vuillard, with a small Boudin view of a beach and, below it, a Renoir artichoke. What does not show: a Redon, a small Cézanne of lemons, and a Sargent portrait. The Sargent was a present from Mellon's father, the late Andrew Mellon, a thin, grey, ascetic man, Secretary of the Treasury between 1921 and 1932, who lived with masterpieces by, among others, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Dürer, Goya, Van der Weyden, Bellini, and Raphael. (In niches and on tables, all over, lie the rare Chelsea vegetables that Mrs. Mellon collects.)

A mover who automatically expands interests into responsibilities, Paul Mellon ranges from banking (he is a director of the Mellon National Bank and Trust in Pittsburgh, the bank founded by his father) to conservation to—working through his several foundations—education, the arts, medicine, archaeology. Last January, he accepted a new job: President of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C. —the great gallery that was, at its opening in 1941, with its extraordinary art collection, the largest single present ever given to any government by any individual, anywhere. The donor: Andrew Mellon.

"THE THAMES AT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE; THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION" BY CANALETTO

"SCENE FROM THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" BY WILLIAM HOGARTH



# BEAUTY BULLETIN

## IN BEAUTY THIS SUMMER

- **Wet-comb haircut; nape-of-the-neck shaping**
- **Or high round hair; the top moulded, not soufflé**
- **One or more small fantasy hairpieces**
- **Peach or melon mouth**
- **Round grey eyes**
- **Paler eyebrows**
- **Pale-lens sunglasses**
- **Golden skin**
- **Tarnishproof suntan**
- **Rouging for glow**
- **Pale nacré fingernails**
- **Coral-lacquered fingernails for special clothes, fiery prints**
- **Toenails unmatched to fingernails**
- **Vermeil glow for grey hair**
- **Exercised body, buoyancy**
- **Skin gleamed**
- **Perfume, perfume, perfume**

Things move. The look in beauty outlined at left won't be in fashion forever, but it is now, wholly and committedly. This is its summer as surely as it's the summer of certain other telling fashions: of pink, for instance, and jade-green . . . of thick carved white matelassé cotton . . . of the shirt-sleeve overblouse . . . panama-coloured accessories . . . the not-quite-flat sandal . . . et cetera. . . . Lips and hair and eyes and skin-tones have their own way of staking out a fashion era. and the details of this summer's read as follows: *The wet-comb haircut* is half the news of hair. Takes a master tailor to cut it right, and right is when it lifts a little at the top, has no part, folds like a pair of raven wings toward the back, and is nibbled shortest at the nape of the neck. (See one, page 137.) . . . *High round hair* is the other basic choice. Takes a fair amount of hair. The top rises as smoothly as a baker's prize loaf; the sides are flat, swinging away from the face or toward the cheekbones. (See it directly left.) . . . *Fantasy hairpieces* are a summer prop for day, but more especially for evening. At least one little hairpiece per capita is our notion of how things should be. Little pieces to pop into or over a coiffure, to load the head with charm. (See some, page 135.) . . . *Peach or melon mouth* is the lipstick objective of the moment, whatever name the actual lipstick answers to. . . . *Round grey eyes* are a matter of eyeliner doing a sort of rounded circumflex rather than a buck and wing; of grey, brown, and white eyeshadows used together hazily. . . . *Paler eyebrows* is a general directive now to all Vogue mannequins; they're now washing off their eyebrows and starting over again more gingerly, using more delicate colours and a finer touch. . . . *Paler-glass sunglasses* are somehow more raffiné than the cold blank stare of deep-black lenses. (A crazy second reason for the new amber, azure, thin-smoke colours in lenses now: the tendency for sunglasses to go on appearing after dark.) . . . *A skin that glows, is golden, and doesn't tarnish between sunnings* involves a three-part formula. One part: moisturizer; a moisturizing cream or lotion, head to foot. Second part: sun preparations: notice the plural—sun preparations—meaning sun blocks, sun limiters, sun encouragers, all three of which ought to belong to anyone planning a perfect suntan. Third part: suntan extenders; oil, rather than soap, to keep a tan clean; a brush-on brown rouge-powder to fake up the colour convincingly between sunnings. (Look for details on all of these in this issue's eight-page beauty bulletin, starting here.)




**Raffiné beauty, summer 1963.** Pointing out points made above, the beauty photographed at left. High round coiffure by Kenneth. Dress made of the same Porthault linen adored in linens. (This, by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, at Henri Bendel; earrings, Tiffany.)

PENN

**The quick eye.** Illustrated by the new surefire, quick-loading Kodak Instamatic 300: a fast take for eyes—waterproof eyeliner that stands up to anything, swimming included. For most eyes, Aziza's Briar Brown; for very suntanned blondes, Chatain does nicely. . . .

**Beauty hieroglyphics.** If there's one code word that counts beyond all others in keeping skin glowing all summer, it's this: moisturizer. Used in lotion, cream, or whatever form—mixed into cosmetics or other-directed preparations—it's the secret, head to foot. . . .





# BEAUTY BULLETIN

## FANTASY HAIRPIECES...MELON FOR MOUTHS...AND 352 LITTLE WORDS ABOUT TARNISHPROOF SUNTAN

No matter how much winter suntan you have to go on, the first deep, indelible suntan of the summer will come along any day now, on purpose or accidentally (a lovely day to slide back the sunroof of the car, someone suggests). In any case, the summer's first white-heat sun can set the pattern for your season's suntan. It can establish the perfect base or start a nonstop peeling process; nourish your looks or deplete them. What's good, what's bad, and what it takes to make a suntan last between sunnings is the gist of what follows here. We'll begin with five rules. . . . 1. Don't soak yourself with oil and sit out to fry. As in the case of digestive happiness, excessive frying is to be avoided. . . . 2. Whatever else you use, use a moisturizing cream or lotion before, during, or after sunning. Since most moisturizers are, at the moment, thought to lose their effectiveness somewhere after the fourth hour of application, be equipped to do some reapplication. Watch for the word "moisturizer" in small or large print on suntan preparations; it's sometimes included in, and that's good. . . . 3. Figure on several sun preparations per person; three, we estimate, is the minimum for most people. Everyone needs: an invisible sun block for lips, nose, eyelids. Some people need: a suntan encourager for fast tanning for legs, arms, back. (This can come tinted or plain—the tinted with an ambery stain that fakes a tan while it helps to make one.) Finally, lots of people need: a limited or limiting sun preparation that encourages tan but goes about it at a moderate pace. Even the avid sunner will need a slosh or two of this at some point—for face, neck, bosom, areas sensitive or semi-sensitive to sun. All three of these categories have some sub-categories; we'll name names and give examples on page 60. Meanwhile, of the three kinds outlined, the most important to have in a handbag is, obviously, the sun block. (It ought to be in every golf bag, ready to be used under a golf glove . . . it's also dandy for men whose pates have been polished by the palm of vanished hours.) . . . 4. For the so-called average skin, we think it's best that something other than the tinted quick-tan encourager be used on the face since the tints tend to leave a noticeable stain in the pores is why. Quick-tanners come untinted, too, as we've already mentioned. . . . 5. To keep a suntan going, even without sun for days at a time, there is this year for the first time the perfect gimmick. It's the brownish rouge powder with the brush-on brush pictured at right; it's spectacularly effective. Simply by brushing up with glowing amber rouge, we stretched a three-days-at-Antigua suntan into what looked like a nonstop holiday this past winter. The liquid blushers have a similar knack for killing the yellow and green in a fading tan, and this should be their finest hour. Basic also to making a suntan tarnishproof is bath oil. That, or shower oil, and for some skins, non-soap cleansing oil, does a lot toward extending the life of a suntan that isn't a life's work. (More Beauty Bulletin next page; more about sun products, page 60.)

**Pigtail from Paris. From the Simonetta and Fabiani Collection, this enchantment: hair fantasied for evening with a pinned-on pigtail jewelled to the tip with ruby twigs. . . . Black organza dress, crimson obi (crimson shoes were shown); Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure, Alexandre. . . .**

**The brush that keeps a suntan going, no matter what: a riffling of Revlon's Blush-on amber "rouge" over the face. . . .**



**Fantasy hairpieces with a cogent reason for being—they rescue hair after a swim. Sketched below, four shapes: the two at left, from Eve of Roma—a curly cockscomb to give the head a dash of dash; a ponytail to curl over one shoulder or to braid and jewel. The two at right are great as half-wigs, ready to be pinned on in Alice-in-Wonderland falls, or combed into the ribboned comma below. Merriwigs, at Bonwit Teller. . . .**



**Melon or peach lipstick is the look we like, whatever the lipstick's name. We've reported these as they've appeared; latest, Germaine Monteil's Gay Coral. . . .**



WILLIAM KLEIN

# BEAUTY BULLETIN

LOOK-MAKERS...BEAUTY DRINK...475 WORDS ABOUT THE GREATEST SILENT TREATMENT IN THE WORLD

The *worst* silent treatment in the world is the oldest: the classic, closed-circuit, fence them out and make *them* make the move technique. Old-hat behaviour, too, in a world where the need for communication is a hunger and a passion—it's a noisy place, that world, and the greatest treatment in a woman's private sector of it is that golden silence that reaches out impulsively to get in touch. Perfume adds glitter to the gold. Along its soundless wavelengths perfume can send just about as many interesting messages as the clackety clack Teletype except that perfume marks only the sunny hours. It is, in fact, the only art form—and perfumers do consider it an art form—whose purpose is purely to please. An inventive chemist of the first rank, Ernest Shifton, insists on the utter importance of a perfume's diffusion. In an age-old dialogue the question is asked, "If a tree falls in the forest and the sound of its crash reaches no ears, is that sound?" In Mr. Shifton's case he is dead certain that if a perfume has no talent for reaching its destination—another's sensibilities—it's *not* perfume. He asks of his own inventions that they have absolute roundness—with a hole in it. The reason: perfumes are intricate chemistry lacking in the ultimate ingredient until they find it on the living chemistry of a woman's skin. Until that moment is arrived at, the sphere isn't complete; then and only then does Mr. Shifton consider a perfume finished. Once a woman is lucky enough to be the one who "finishes" a great perfume, wearing it in a sweep of style, her perfume book isn't closed. She may make the quite usual summer mistake of abandoning her perfume in favour of "lighter" versions in the belief that she can expect a repeat performance from the perfume's shadows—eau de toilette, cologne, or aerosol spray. These are not substitutes but sustaining troops merely—eau de toilette, for example, was invented so that its lesser power could reach over yards and yards of skin and backdrop the intensity of its own perfume. While these fragrances have their own virtues—oceans of them to drench on after a bath is one—they differ in movement and symmetry from perfumes, differ distinctly in the message they send. If a perfume seems heavy, too barbaric, a lion among perfumes, there are other perfumes (plus their shadows) to turn to, less ardent but no less articulate. Cool on the skin, cool in the mind, there are perfumes that radiate high spirits or glittering freshness or lively good humour or gaiety—so rare in the world today that to play it over the pipes of perfume is a real act of grace because "Gaiety," as Frederick the Great wrote to Voltaire, "makes us Gods."



**Crazy lines.** What make-up shouldn't do is craze or shatter. For one that doesn't see Cover Girl. A special way to do just that has been arranged for Vogue readers—see the sampler and the zebra-ed hood that goes along, p. 66.

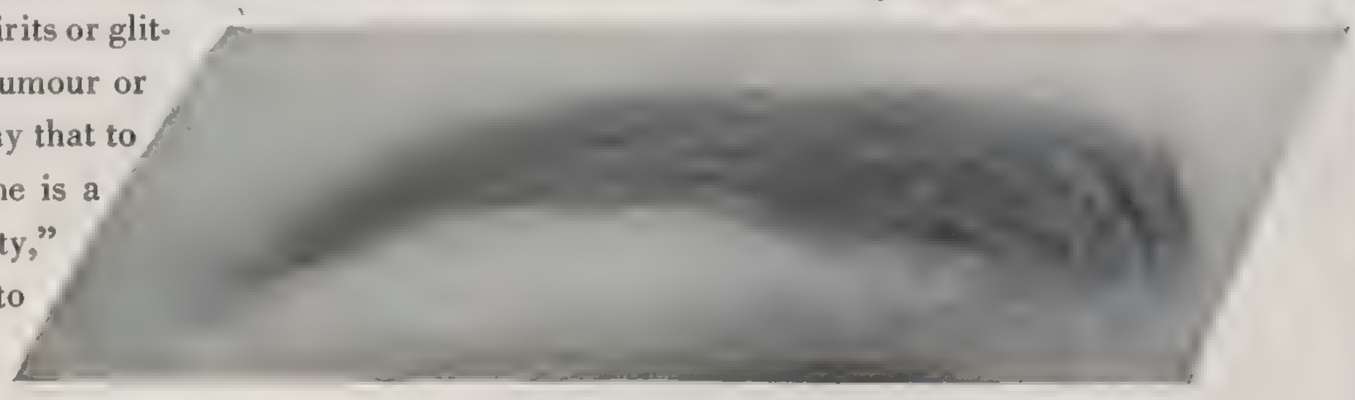


**The wet-comb haircut** and everything that counts: height at top; sides folded back like wings; the perfect cut at the nape—a deep nibble. This, by Enrico Caruso.



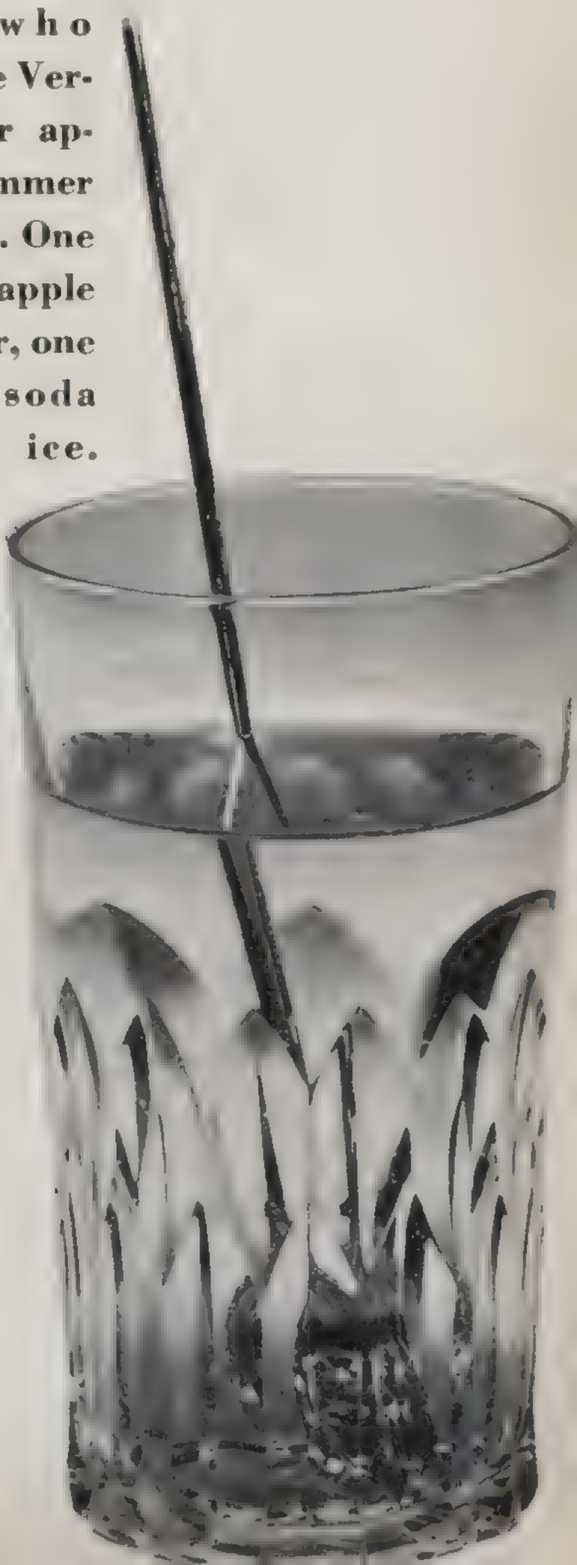
**Swirled lipstick.** Never-before idea: emollients carved into colour. By Maradel.

**Beauty drink.** For anyone who swears by the Vermont Doctor approach, a summer health drink. One tablespoon apple cider vinegar, one of honey; soda water and ice.



**Silent treatment.** A drop of perfume—real perfume—about to establish its message, classically placed at the back of a woman's ear.

**Paler eyebrow,** softer eyebrow, drawn by a fine, brisk, angled brush dipped in soft, staying *powder*. Far as we know, first such eyebrow in history. Brush-on Brow by and at Evelyn Marshall. Also: Hudson's; Joseph Magnin.



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# BEAUTY BULLETIN

## HAIR, SKIN, EYES . . . AND SOME WORDS ON THREE WAYS TO SOFTEN MAKE-UP . . .

**Vermeil colouring.** If you have salt-and-pepper hair, you could also have this: the glow of gold-on-silver that's made vermeil adored. A golden tint is what to ask for at a salon; one to do the job is Just Wonderful by Caryl Richards. (Vermeil carnation here, at Tiffany.)

**Freshness—foamy variety.** Organdie has it (as in the dress below). So does a sensational creamy face-wash from Denmark. The latter, Day Dew Creamfoam, is at Evelyn Marshall, New York. The dress, textured silk, by Pattullo-Jo Copeland, is at Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer. Organdie hat, Emme.





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Practically everyone knows that the prettiest make-up is a soft make-up, and the fastest way to soften make-up is to give it a quick sponging with a make-up sponge wrung out in cold water—dabbling in sponge is the smart way to let the skin's glow rise above the dustiness of powder. . . . Practically everyone within Vogue's hearing knows the second quickest way to soften the look of make-up is to use one of the new liquid blushers, slipping it on over the temples, cheekbones, forehead, chin. (Germaine Monteil's Color Secret shades are fragile and slippy; so is the new Sunny Face blusher with built-in moisturizer by Helena Rubinstein.) . . . Third, not everyone may know the following softening techniques, however. To soften the look of a liquid eyeliner, choose a milder colour than you've been using (instead of black, ash brown), and blend it with skin-coloured make-up foundation at all but the finest edge next to the eyelash roots. Use the same skin-coloured foundation, too, to mix with eye shadow to thin and "cut" the intensity. . . . To put a soft glow under eyes where powder may settle unsettlingly into fine creases, dab a touch of moisturizer—not any moisturizer, just one meant for *under* make-up.

**Eyelash lengthening in one quick stroke. That innovator, Helena Rubinstein, now has a wand mascara fuzzed to lengthen eyelashes as it darkens.**



**Paler lenses for sunglasses: newer, pleasanter than a cold dark stare. Amethyst sunglasses (top of page) at Altman's. Next, pale-green figure-eight shape. Tiny spectacles in smoky grey. Below, amber open-sided glasses in a great new silhouette its maker, Renauld of France calls—guess what—bikini. All but the amethysts at Saks Fifth Avenue.**

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# MISS AMANDA MORTIMER

At nineteen, Amanda Mortimer seems to stand at some mysterious, enchanting point midway between an attractive, friendly child and a ravishingly beautiful young woman. Miss Mortimer, who is called "Ba," is tall and very slender, with clear, pale skin; dark-auburn hair, generally worn in a straight, silky fall (though it's sometimes pinned up in the evening); dark-hazel eyes set in black eyelashes and eyebrows, their blackness unemphasized by make-up (she wears none). Although her face is pensive, all sorts of delightful quirky things happen around her mouth when she smiles. She talks easily, in a gentle voice which—unlike the currently fashionable breathless gasp—is pleasantly audible. She graduated from Westover last year, and is now at Wellesley, where she shares with a friend from boarding-school a small, book-piled room—"we try to keep it neat, but it's hard." (With all the clutter, there's generally room for a bunch of spring flowers, which she loves, or a pot of daffodils somewhere.) Though she will probably major in English, one of her favourite courses now is on the theory of music and harmony. She likes especially Handel, Bach, and Prokofiev, in that order, can sight-read, and plays the piano and guitar—both "moderately." Probably her favourite sport is riding, which she does whenever possible, at home on Long Island, at Tuxedo, or with friends near Boston; she's also a competent skier ("I can get down mostly anything"), and in the summer swims and plays tennis. Her summer plans involve at least a month in Italy, staying with a family in Rome, sight-seeing, and possibly taking some courses in art and architecture. After that, she may travel around Spain with a group of college friends, or join her family in New Hampshire. Miss Mortimer is the daughter of Mrs. William S. Paley, an almost legendary beauty, and Mr. Stanley Mortimer. She made her début last June, at a memorable party on Long Island given by Mr. and Mrs. Paley—in a huge pavilion-like tent hung with pink-and-orange flowered material and banked with geraniums—an experience she looks back on with un-blasé pleasure. Her taste in clothes: "everything very simple."





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# MISS CHARLOTTE FORD

At twenty-two, Charlotte Ford, a young woman who has travelled, studied, and lived abroad for long stretches, could not be mistaken for anything but what she is: a 1963 American—alert, attractive, energetic; quick to interest and amusement; uncluttered by affectation or pose. She has the strong instant charm of a person who is all of a piece; one feels that candour and good sense are as much a part of her as good looks—ash-blond hair, blue-green eyes, a rosy bisque skin that looks healthy as a firm-ripe peach. Miss Ford graduated from the Sacred Heart Convent in Noroton, Connecticut, in 1958; then spent most of the following year in Italy, studying at Le Fleuron, an international school in Florence. Of everything she saw there, she found Bernard Berenson's villa, I Tatti, "the most beautiful and fascinating—but we had to go through it too fast." Later she lived with a French family in Paris, taking courses at the sprightly Académie Maxim—where the liberal arts are enlivened by tours of the château country and the wine-growing districts, classes in flower-arranging, and cooking lessons on the *haute cuisine* level. Now, in New York, she works for a well-known decorator, putting together schemes for rooms, tracking down fabric samples and specific antiques; she already had more than an amateur's knowledge of French furniture and paintings—her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, II, are prime collectors. When she has friends in for dinner in the apartment she shares with another young woman, she generally offers them charcoal-broiled steaks and a green salad—"not very typical of Maxim's, but it's quicker." The apartment, mainly done in different shades of pink, almost always has bouquets of red-and-pink flowers: roses, carnations. Twice a week, she takes painting lessons, and tries to get to an exercise class at least the same number of times. She resists having her name listed on charitable committees if she can't actually do any work for them, but is an active committee member of the National Society for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency: "I do think it's something really worthwhile—I'm on it for life, I guess." She is also junior chairman of the Gilded Cage Ball, on May twentieth, to benefit the Hudson Valley International Cultural Centre, a division of the Order of Saint Dominic. This summer, she plans to join her family for a two-month yachting cruise around the Mediterranean on her father's new hundred-and-ten-foot motor yacht. In any situation, Miss Ford likes pared-to-the-bone clothes. She buys some in Paris—her favourite designers are Givenchy, Balenciaga, Dior—and has some made by a dressmaker in New York. Recently, receiving a visitor at her office, she wore the simplest possible sleeveless shift of beige tweed; pearl earrings; and around her neck, a narrow gold chain.





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# CITY DRESSING WITHOUT CLICHÉS

What's ahead is this: ninety intoxicating days. Fresh. Free of winter. Full of the blissful simplicity of summer turnouts—clothes that sit easily, live calmly with the weather in the streets, revive the city-scene as sharply as the tulips that stripe Park Avenue. Bare-armed suit, left, in bright indigo-and-white cotton, with a crisp, brook-cool hand, and a jacket that sits on the body as lightly as dusting powder. By Tiffeau & Busch, of Boussac cotton; about $90. Gloves by Crescendoe. Both: Bonwit Teller. Suit: Montaldo's; L. S. Ayres; Frederick & Nelson. Givenchy's cream felt jungle-helmet; in America at Bonwit Teller. Black-and-white shirt dress in silk surah, worn with glossy black hat and gloves—the city offers few more reviving sights. Dress by Nat Kaplan; about $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Harzfeld's. Gloves by Aris. Wide-brimmed straw hat, by Irene of New York.







## SHIRT LOOKS WITHOUT CLICHÉS

Tailored organza, left: Shirt jacket, straight skirt in doubled apricot organza paled with chamois-yellow flowers. By Ben Zuckerman, of Staron silk. About $245. Meyers Make gloves. Both, at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; I. Magnin. The earrings, by Vendôme. White crêpe shirt dress, right, with a lovely narrow flow to it, a sash knotted above the waist. By Mollie Parnis, of William Rose silk; about $145. Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Richelieu earrings. Van Raalte gloves. Both pages, Adolfo's version of the new oval-brimmed Balenciaga hat, in gauzy silk (apricot at left, watermelon at right), a crush of silk on the brim.

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## NON-CLICHÉ DAYS

Linen and jersey turnout, left, that's very nearly an entire weekend wardrobe. Short tan coat of Moygashel linen, matching wraparound skirt, black silk matte jersey shift that can—does here—operate as a blouse or as a dress on its own. Adele Simpson; about $250. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Givenchy kidskin helmet: Bonwit Teller. Midriff marked by seams, top right. Pale-blue dress, barely sleeved, buttoned and belted in blue snakeskin. By Harvey Berin of rayon, silk; about $70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. Aris gloves. Unfitted crêpe, below right, in a blooming-rose pink, with a whiff of chiffon plaid at the throat. By Paul Parnes, of Celanese acetate and rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric); about $70. De Pinna; Montaldo's. The hat by Emme.

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**NON-CLICHÉ LINENS**

Brown linen smock-dress, left, zippered, like a windbreak, down the front; narrow in a way that makes beautiful sense in summer—not a line of it touches the body. By Ben Reig; about $175. At Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings by Richelieu. The gloves by Wear-Right. Overblouse dress in magenta linen, right; the bias-cut top pulled lightly to the midriff by a black leather thong. By Norman Norell. Earrings by Marvella. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Gloves by Shalimar. The hats on both pages, by Irene of New York.





## NON-CLICHÉ EVENINGS

Flamenco profile, left, in crackling black silk Gazar—Balenciaga's entrancing evening idea. Ankle-long and quite covered in front. At the back, a deep U-curve, touch of train. Copy by Nanty, of Abraham Super Gazar. Vendôme jewellery. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak. Coiffure by Marc Sinclair of Lilly Daché. Lacquer-red piqué, right; its bareness buttoned into a little shell of jacket, its deep-carved crispness sharpened by a thin white kidskin sash. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of ribbed Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); about $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Halle Bros. The coiffure, by John of Enzo da Perugia.

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# "LORD OF THE FLIES"

## AN IMPRESSIONISTIC EXCURSION TO THE FILMING OF AN EXTRAORDINARY, ORIGINAL-SIN ADVENTURE —WHERE "IMPROVISATION IS THE UNEXPECTED TRUTH."

BY ROBERT GUTWILLIG

The first time I saw Peter Brook he had both his extraordinarily small hands on the shoulders of a little boy. "Jeremy," he was saying, "would you like to live on a desert island?"

The boy, a blond curly-haired fellow of six, transfixed us with a devilish grin, and cried, "Oh, yes, yes. When are we going?"

"What would you do there? What would you do if you were really stranded on a desert island?"

Jeremy told us.

This scene was acted out in New York in the spring of 1961 during a casting interview for *Lord of the Flies,* the film adapted by Brook from William Golding's novel. Similar scenes were duplicated in London, Washington, Philadelphia, San Juan, Mexico City, and Kingston. Over a thousand British boys were seen until thirty-two were finally chosen to go to the desert island. None had ever acted professionally before. "Children," Brook often said, "are either the best actors in the world or the very worst."

Jeremy left, and Brook said, "Isn't he wonderful. He's the perfect Golding child. A mixture of angel and demon. He's what the book is all about."

The action of William Golding's darkly apocalyptic novel and Peter Brook's film takes place in the immediate future on a tropical desert island onto which a planeload of English schoolboys, aged six to twelve, crash-land during a terrific storm. The boys, some of whom belong to a school choir, are being evacuated from a nuclear war when their plane is attacked and shot down. The pilot and the other adults are killed.

Two boys, Ralph, the protagonist, and Piggy, the most intelligent and verbal of the boys (and also fat, asthmatic, and astigmatic), call the survivors together. They include Jack, the antagonist and leader of the choir, and two other choirboys: Roger, the most violent of the boys, and Simon, the gentlest and least articulate, who is, apparently, the author's spokesman.

The boys create their own society. Ralph, chosen leader over Jack's objections, decides after exploring the island that the boys must build a signal fire on top of the mountain and shelters below. Jack's choir is to hunt the island's wild pigs. For a time, all goes well until the fire dies out while Jack's hunters have been killing a pig when it was their turn to be fire watchers, and a plane flies unseeingly overhead. (In the novel, a ship goes by.) The friendship between Ralph and Jack degenerates into antagonism. One of the little boys dreams there is a beast on the island, and when a dead flyer (with a parachute) lands on top of the mountain, the boys mistake him for the beast and abandon the signal fire.

Soon Jack and his hunters defect, taking some of the other boys with them. One night they hold a feast, which turns into an orgy, and Simon, returning from the mountain where he has seen that the beast is really a dead flyer, is killed by the others who mistake him for the beast. Jack and his hunters continue to harass the (Continued next page)

## WILLIAM GOLDING, THE ENGLISH AUTHOR OF "LORD OF THE FLIES,"

sketched by Feliks Topolski. A man who learned as a child that thinking "was a fine hobby and a sensible substitute for cricket, since you could play it all the year round," the bearded Golding, whose face looks like a chart of exhaustion, has become an untouchable cult among the thinking young, here as well as in Europe. On almost every brick-and-board bookshelf in almost every college room in the United States, somewhere between J.D. Salinger's *Franny and Zooey* and Erich Fromm's *The Art of Loving,* there appears one or more of Golding's four novels: almost certainly *Lord of the Flies,* possibly *The Inheritors, Pincher Martin,* or *Free Fall.* With predictable regularity, a stack of white-and-salmon-pink copies of *Lord of the Flies* turns up somewhere near the cash register wherever paperback books are sold. Ask fifty students at Radcliffe—or at Wellesley, or at Berkeley, or Andover, or Choate—for any literary analysis: perhaps thirty or more of them will analyze *Lord of the Flies.* What the literary young hear in Golding's sculptured, hypersensitive prose is what they heard a few years back in Salinger: a voice that speaks peculiarly to them. But where Salinger balms their private hurts, their vague impatience with such adult phenomena as section men and television writers, Golding seems to deal with nothing more or less than what's wrong with the world. His answer is an old one: original sin. In *Lord of the Flies* good children learn that they can revert to real beasts in real jungles. Raised on the notion of the perfectibility of man, the idea that jungles can be cut down by the Peace Corps, students these days find Golding a startling writer; he would scarcely have seemed so to Increase Mather.

# "LORD OF THE FLIES"

Continued

rest, stealing the fire and Piggy's glasses, which are used to start the fire. Finally, only Ralph, Piggy, and two little twin boys are left. When they attempt to reason with the hunters, the twins are captured, Piggy is killed by Roger, and everyone turns on Ralph. As the hunters track him down, they inadvertently set fire to the entire island. But a British warship, attracted by the smoke, rescues them all.

In New York, Brook told me why he wanted to adapt the book into a film. "Now is a good moment in the world's madness to point up how easily people slip back," he said. "Here is a pure case: children, and children from the best families, some of them in choir school. Golding puts them down in the Garden of Eden. From nowhere come disagreements and disputes. They do not realize the trouble is within themselves. Finally, they destroy Paradise."

Brook is a small, compact man with receding blond-grey hair, chipmunk cheeks, and great light-blue eyes that do not penetrate so much as gather in, absorb. For Brook, life and art are socially and politically illuminated, or there is no light at all. He had been trying to make a movie of *Lord of the Flies* for three years, and he was taking no salary, only a percentage of the hypothetical profits, to help bring the film in on a budget of less than $300,000. His script, despite some very minor alterations, retained all Golding's essential action, characters, motivations, values, meanings, and warnings, and, if anything, heightened and intensified the friendship and conflict between Ralph and Jack.

"The most difficult and most important part in making this film," Brook told me, "is the beginning. It is absolutely crucial to present Ralph's and Jack's love and simultaneously their conflict."

* * *

"Well," said Brook, "what do you think of our desert island?"

We stood at the end of a long strip of white-white sand, fringed with sea grapes and coconut palms. The native grips raked the dried seaweed away from the high-tide line. Soft surf rumbled in at our feet, and the sea, clearer than any sea I had ever seen, turned white to green to blue in sharply defined stripes. Cliffs with water-carved caves leaning out into the sea ringed the beach. The sun slid up over the hill, changing the light, the colours, everything.

Vieques is an island approximately eighteen miles long and three and a half miles wide. Six miles east of Puerto Rico, to which it belongs, Vieques was formerly a sugar- and pineapple-producing island, but during World War II the United States Navy expropriated two-thirds of the land and established a large base. On the remaining third of the island live less than ten thousand Viequens in a state of poverty, partial employment, and apparent joy. The summer Sunday evening I arrived on the island Isabela Segunda, the capital of Vieques, resembled a movie set, for the Marines had landed. I expected Rita Hayworth to come strolling out of one of the town's sixty-five bars and saunter under a parasol past the pastel-coloured concrete houses and corrugated-iron shacks.

"You see what I meant about the palm trees?"

In New York, Brook had said that, clichéd or not, palm trees were the only flora that made a desert island look like a desert island on a movie screen. We walked into a small clearing where several small palm-thatched shelters had been built. The grips were now setting up portable light reflectors (made of kitchen aluminum foil) mounted on metal stands, beach umbrellas, canvas directors' chairs, folding card tables, water cans, and boxes containing film, camera lenses, and microphones.

Tom Hollyman, already down to his Bermuda shorts and sneakers, paced around the clearing, squinting through his viewer and light meter. He was tanned a bright cordovan everywhere except in crisscrossing lines under the cords that held his equipment. Hollyman, one of America's best-known magazine and commercial photographers, "didn't know one end of a movie camera from another" until Brook persuaded him to join the film unit a few months before.

I joined Brook and his assistant Stella Maude. They were worrying about continuity, and I broke in to say that film making seemed a tyranny of trivia and not the grand design one hoped to see on the screen. Brook smiled with what I later realized was his characteristic patience for less gifted and intelligent mortals.

Just then his whole face burst open into the most radiant of smiles. Thirty small boys came rollicking, running, calling, falling, sprawling across the long beach. In a moment, they were upon us, chattering and shouting, in their dark suntan make-up or hunters' Indian war paint, and their torn flannel shorts and blazers, high grey wool socks and school shoes. For the first time, really, since I had started following *Lord of the Flies,* I realized that these little boys were what the movie was about, what we were all doing on the island.

"The aim of improvisation," Brook said, "is unexpected truth." Sixty percent of his very limited budget had been allotted to the unexpected, and the unexpected was by now expected.

We were awaiting Scene 529, Jack's defection. The boys talked, threw stones and hit each other, more or less in their marked places. Scene 529 runs perhaps twenty seconds. That morning eight takes were re- (Continued on page 200)

THE DEMONIAC BRATS, THE BRUTAL PRETTY CHILDREN, SCARED MURDERERS IN THE MOVIE, "LORD OF THE FLIES"





# Piqué on the azure weather-track

VOGUE PATTERN 5885 VOGUE PATTERN 5900

Two ways, here, that news can be made out of white piqué—and this is a banner summer for piqué. *Above:* Beach shirt in crisp white cotton piqué—lengthy, shirt-cuffed—worn over an unsleeved white piqué put-over cut on tank-top lines; dark-blue denim pants. Vogue Pattern 5885, of Stoffel Swiss bird's-eye piqué and stretch denim of cotton and Chemstrand nylon (fabric by Cone). Shady planter's hat (tipped on over a white scarf) by Mr. John. Sandals by Luigi, at Delman; Bergdorf Goodman. *Right:* Fresh, immaculate white piqué dress—shirt-sleeved, high-waisted above a short spill of gathers. Vogue Pattern 5900, of Stoffel Swiss bull's-eye cotton piqué. Wanted for this kind of covered-up look: a small hat—this, by Balenciaga; copy at Bergdorf Goodman. *Other views, sizes: page 217.*

HORST



# Sand-lot shirts for beach people

Salt-water shirts, all cotton and clearly dashing, to wear over pants, shorts, bathing suits. White windbreak of cotton Oxford cloth, above, out-tapered at its slit hem. Worn with a scarfed head, sunglasses with less-dark blue lenses. Shirt by Lady Manhattan; about $6 at Stern's; Burdine's. The sunglasses by Renauld of France. Striped T-shirt, right, in navy blue and white with crew neck and a wonderful sand-lot look, here seated with a short culotte-like skirt. Both by American Golfer. Cotton knitted shirt, about $6; skirt of white Dacron and cotton sharkskin (Crompton fabric), about $10. Both at Best & Co.; Famous-Barr. The sunglasses by Sutain.



Punchy stripes in broad black and white, left, on a knitted cotton T-shirt with straight neck. Marvellous with more white—a Panama hat, straight pants, sunglass-rims. The shirt by Ship 'n Shore; about $3. White Arnel sharkskin pants by Jack Winter; $10. Both: Bloomingdale's. Shirt, also: Joseph Horne. Hat: John Frederics. Sunglasses: International by Renauld of France. Salty denim, below, of overalls-blue cotton that stripes up its bands with blue and white cotton seersucker. Here, it's over a bathing suit; it might also meet with denim pants. By Lady Van Heusen; about $8 at Altman's; Frederick & Nelson. The scarf and hat by Hattie Carnegie.



HORST



# Green and white on the azure weather-track

Tuned to the azure wavelength, a salad-green silk dress and two scant white beach dresses. *Above, left:* The beach shift known as Lilly—named for its Palm Beach designer. This Lilly: white piqué with a lace frieze. To wear at the beach with bare feet, a tan; for country dinners, add strippy sandals. Of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric), about $55, at Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Neiman-Marcus. *Directly left:* White cloqué piqué, as cleanly chiselled as cut glass, and cleanly shaped—Empire-waisted, skimmed out from there on down. This, by Sportwhirl, about $20. In junior sizes. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's. *Right:* Slip of a dress, lightly fitted—the waistline lifted—in a clear, dazzling, green-in-its-salad-days green. By B. H. Wragge, of textured silk, about $70. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; I. Magnin. Richelieu earrings. All coiffures: Marc Sinclair of Lilly Daché.

HORST





Don't just walk into colours like these—tear into them. Break every rule in the book. Silver toenails, brown feet...turquoise eyes, peach mouth...grease-rouged skin, coral-varnished fingernails...you get the idea. For the new Italian colours, colours tossed together like a bright sea garden in a raging wind, you have to be drunk with power or expect to wind up upstaged.... In beach-light, wear brown-shadowed eyes with a haunting edge of powder shadow, lips close to lip-colour, skin glossed with a coat of sun-coloured oil.... Use cake powder with a brush the new Italian way to lighten or darken the skin....Give your hair the works: wear it wet-combed, sea-washed...then pile on the hairpieces at night. Jewel a pig-tail. Pull a looping foot-long pony-tail over one shoulder. Get going with what a fall, plus a swirl, plus a lacquery papillon can do for you. All the make-up on these four pages, came out of a make-up-case full of colour and glow provided by Elizabeth Arden's Rome salon. *Left:* Siren dress of slithery silk jersey; long, rustly hemp coat; both brightly flowered in prune-purple and orange. By Ken Scott of Falconetto. Costume at Macy's. *Right:* From Emilio Pucci's collection, tunic tops, richly crusted with embroidery, sequins, beads; one over ruby-red narrow pants, one scalloped over a sapphire-blue sarong skirt—these, of silk shantung. Both costumes, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

HELMUT NEWTON

# MEDITERRANEAN COLOUR: THE WILDER SHORES



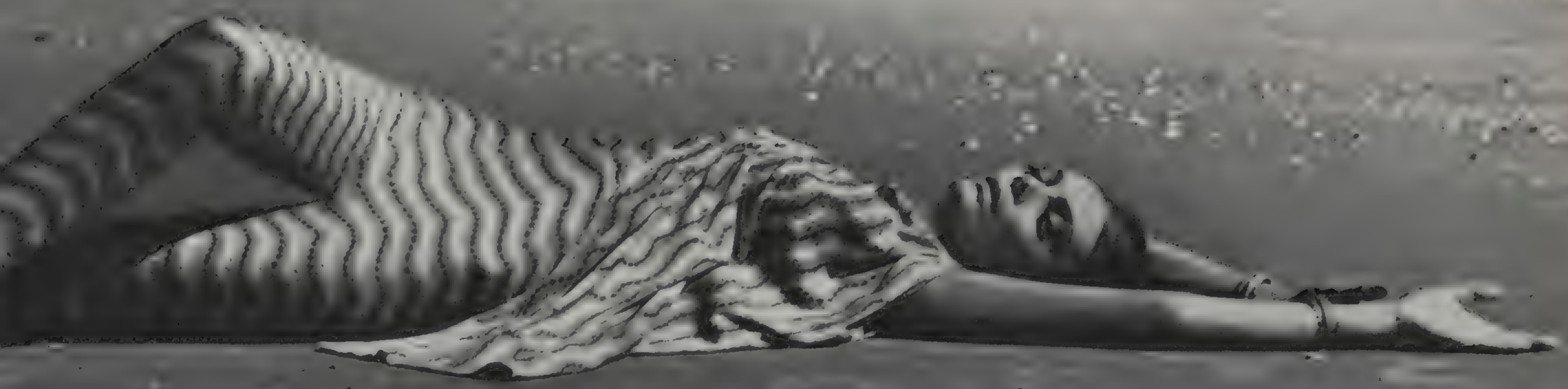
INDONESIAN COLOURS, left—Emilio Pucci's triumphant clash of chartreuse, magenta, green, and white on silk jersey. Sweatery top; long skirt, draped and twined like a dhoti. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. The earrings are by Valentino. COWL-TOPPED BIKINI, upper left, in a seaweed print of blue, green, turquoise; by Irene Galitzine. She adds a ballooning coif of the print, like a Twenties bathing beauty's. At Nan Duskin. BEACH SHIFT, below, in sea-coloured silk, aquiver with bright darting fishes; by Ken Scott of Falconetto. At Macy's. Bracelet and earrings by Mimi di N. JAPANESE SHOGUN'S ROBE, right, for the beach—an outburst of colours and arabesques on terry-cloth, banded in crimson, white. By Emilio Pucci (who also makes a cotton bikini to match). Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

HELMUT NEWTON

CHECKERBOARD CAPE, *left*—chartreuse-and-white Orlon, knitted in big, spongy checks: Irene Galitzine's cover-up for sea breezes. What goes under it is the white knitted Orlon maillot, *far right, below,* with a chartreuse-and-white collar that rises above the cape. Costume, in America at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.
INDONESIAN SHIFT, *right*—probably the lightest dress you'll own, this summer: Emilio Pucci's wisp of silk crêpe, in a Far Eastern print of mythical birds—strong on pinks and black. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Gold bracelets by Mimi di N.
MERMAID LEOTARD, *above right*—Forquet's glisteny slither of knitted Orlon jersey, in a fish-scale print of pink, red, grey; over it, a float of tunic that ties on one shoulder. At I. Magnin. Gold bracelets by Mimi di N.



HELMUT NEWTON







HENRY CLARKE

# THE YOUNGEST SALTS ON THE BEACH





Soon, like a skimming of sandpipers, the children will be back on the beach: running, digging, swooping in and out of the waves, collecting small hoards of sea-wrack: feathers, pebbles, bits of shell. (And pounds and pounds of sand—in sneakers, pockets, the picnic lunch.) Bathing suits will be skimpy in the extreme, but some sort of cover-up, and often a hat, will be worn some of the time; as mothers know, young skins are sensitive to prolonged glare—and who wants to stay under the beach-umbrella? Here, new beach cover-ups worn by the famous actress-model, Suzy Parker, her enchanting three-year-old daughter, Georgia de la Salle, and a young friend—at the beach of Sam Lord's Castle, Barbados, when northern beaches were habitable only by sandpipers. *Left,* Georgia's pink cotton shift, with a high drawstring waistline, could also appear farther inland, for lunch and the afternoon; by Joseph Love, in Stevens Anniversary cotton; sizes 3 to 6x; $8. Sizes 7 to 14; $9. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Miss Parker wears a long, wind-whipped beach shirt with cuffed sleeves, notched collar, over a two-piece bathing suit; bra top, little-boy pants. By Sacony, in salt-white Arnel-and-nylon jersey; beach shirt, $14; bathing suit, $18. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Centre,* Georgia and friend in identical beach robes of French terry cloth, striped in blue and white; boys' sizes 2 to 8, $9, with shawl collar; girls' sizes 4 to 12, $11, with round collar. Both at Jean Gale. *Right,* Georgia in an easy-on (and equally easy-off) pullover of blottery white terry cloth, with huge, alternating triangles of red and blue; by Regal in Cannon terry cloth; about $4. At Henri Bendel; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's.





# Beach people—see how they wrap

Beach wraps are a blaze of new fashion-opportunities. For prettiness. For legginess—the legs, either long and bare, or under ankle-length cover. For fun, for good looks at lunch-by-the-sea. And, occasionally, for what they've always provided—sun protection, a layer of warmth. Terry pullover, opposite, in white with margins of blue. Here it's pulled over shorts, also terry cloth. Both by White Stag; top, about $7; shorts, about $5. Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Hat by Adolfo. Fake croc jacket, left, of white crocked fabric, with long sleeves, big hood (provision against unsunny elements). Here, with white linen pants. Both by Ellen Brooke; jacket, of Orceyre crocodile-grained nylon, about $125; pants, about $35. To order at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Etienne Aigner sandals: Lord & Taylor. Beach smock, right, of blue cotton sateen with big white buttons. Inside, an open-midriff jump suit, same fabric. By Tiffeau & Busch, with Sylmer water-repellent finish; about $75 at Saks Fifth Avenue. The hat by Miss Mary.

LOUIS FAURER



# Beach-people clothes—off the beach

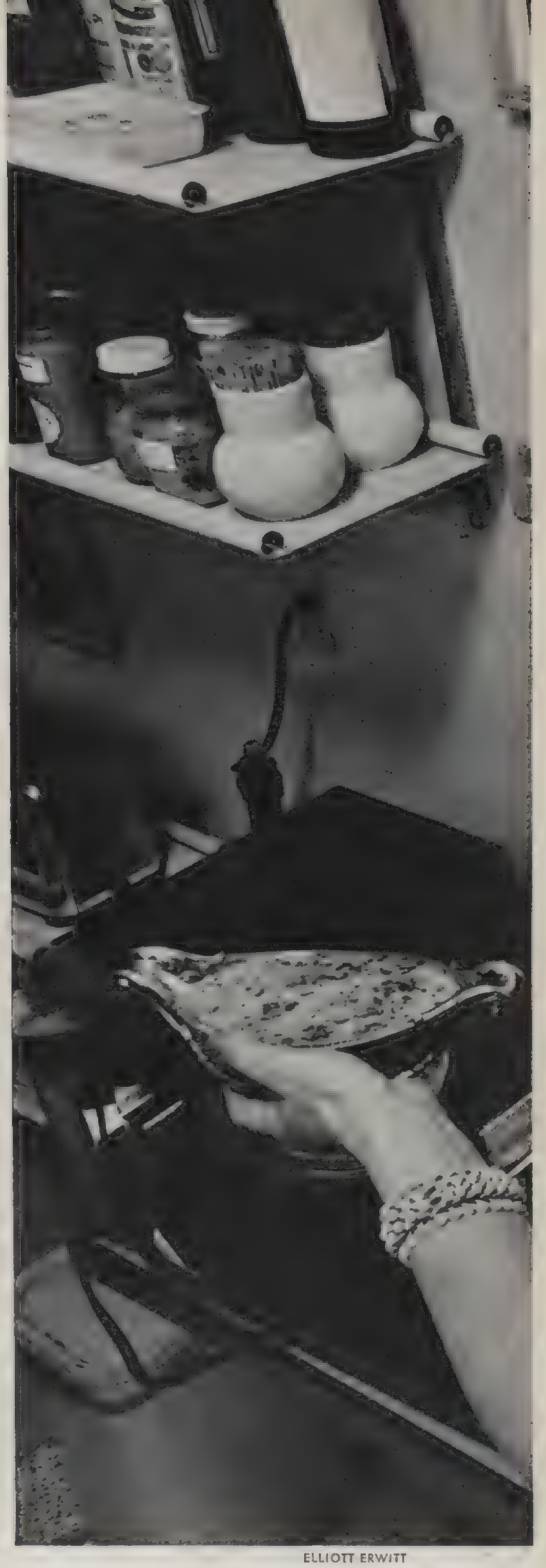


Here, for an un-sandy setting at lunch or little-evening hours, three long looks—two are pants; one, a skirt. Also, for small beach people: two brief cotton shifts. Long sundress, left, to wear poolside at home, or on a beach club's ocean-watching terrace. The top, easy, shifty, with wide V-neck, over a skirt with deep slit to wear either at the front or back. All, of pale-blue matte rayon jersey. Top, about $18; skirt, about $50. By and at Jax. The child's dress alongside, a blue cotton skimmer with bow and box pleat, patch pockets for shells. This by Cinderella, in sizes 3 to 6x; about $5 at Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila. Pyjama look, above, for a dashing change, after-beach. The top is blousy with cowl neck, sashed to wide-legged pants. All, pink acetate-and-rayon crêpe. By Evan-Picone, of Onondaga fabric; about $65 at Bergdorf Goodman. Luigi sandals at Delman. Shift over pants, opposite, of white grainy silk—a sleeveless overblouse, one-buttoned over narrowed pants. By Oleg Cassini, of Douppioni silk; top, about $35; pants, about $30. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Child's beach dress, pink cotton with slits, bows. This, a Minnie, by Lilly; about $17 at Henri Bendel.

LOUIS FAURER







THE BACKGROUND, NEW YORK; THE FOREGROUND, A TABLE SET; COUNTESS OBERNDORFF REFLECTED IN THE WINDOW

ELLIOTT ERWITT

A wide, view-catching window frames the high-up night lights of several square miles of New York. Inside, vermeil, silver, green glass, and clear crystal bounce back each other's glitter on the white Venetian-embroidered cloths of the dining tables. Black caviar dots pale mayonnaise in a golden sauceboat. Black truffles drift in an amber Marsala sauce, ready to join squabs now centred on a round silver platter with the red, green, and yellow of ratatouille, presently to move to nineteenth-century porcelain plates that bear their owner's black and yellow coat of arms. Countess Elizabeth Oberndorff is giving a party.

The party is one of her notably agreeable week-night dinners. "A conjuring trick," one guest said of them. A tall, tawny-haired, hazel-eyed woman, much too pretty to be a conjurer, Countess Oberndorff charms the best out of space, time, food in a way that surprises everyone but Countess Oberndorff. Surprises everyone for these good reasons: in a one-room apartment, after a full day's work at the United Nations, with no cook or waitress. Countess Oberndorff is the relaxed and relaxing producer of delightful black-tie dinners for twelve that her guests count among the more enchanting events of a week.

A catch in this somewhere? Not even in the food, all cooked by the Countess and held by her friends, knowledgeable international eaters, to be outstanding. There are no cooking shortcuts to be learned from the Countess, no skip-a-step heres, nor try-this-instead theres. Her cuisine is stubbornly *haute*, without leeway for canned foods, frozen (Continued on page 193)

AS THE COUNTESS PUTS THE LAST DISHES ON THE SERVING CART, SHE LEARNS ON HER HOUSE PHONE THAT HER GUESTS ARE ON THE WAY UP

# HOW DOES COUNTESS ELIZABETH OBERNDORFF DO IT?

**SHE GIVES BLACK-TIE DINNERS FOR TWELVE, SMOOTH ONE-WOMAN PRODUCTIONS, INVARIABLY HITS. SHE WORKS ALL DAY, AND LIVES IN A ONE-ROOM APARTMENT.**



THE COUNTESS IN HER KITCHEN, DOING THE BIRDS



BENEATH A SPANISH PORTRAIT, A SPANISH TABLE FOR DRINKS

# "A YACHT IN A MEADOW"

"I wanted to be able to close the door on it at the end of a weekend and forget it," said Mrs. de Menocal Simpson about her Long Island summer house—four glass walls and a finned roof floating in a field of flowers. Like the best yachts and watches, this precise building, designed by Paul Lester Wiener, puts both beauty and workability first without qualifying either. "Barring a hurricane, the glass walls are washed once a season, the terra-cotta floors waxed once a month, and there is no lawn to mow," said Mrs. Simpson, a Fashion Editor of Vogue. Her entire garden, including a mimosa tree, roses, and herbs, grows in handsome big tubs and a long planter: "no kneeling, no rabbits, fewer weeds."

The pleasure of the house results from Mrs. Simpson's logic of eye: her sense of proportion and placement that turns a sparse selection of satisfying objects into a more satisfying whole. Barely larger than her New York apartment, this seventy-five by twenty-five foot pavilion feels big with its long, bosky, descending views, its furniture limited like a good menu to just so, and just enough. Other enlarging sleights of eye: all solid walls are linen white, all curtains, white linen. One flooring, russet tile, sweeps through the house, covering even the seating ledge that frames the living room. For Mrs. Simpson the house's main success is the illusion of space. Her friends admire its exactness, "like," one said, "a perfect little yacht in a meadow."

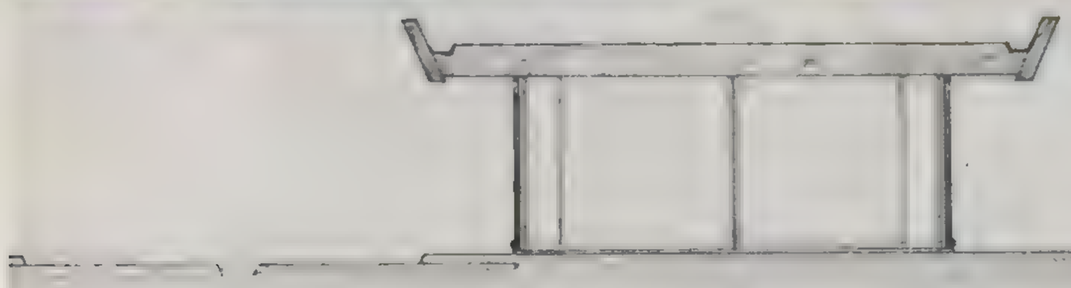
*In the step-into living room, right,* an abstraction by Ernst Nay and a head by Nadelman lift the eye from the seating ledge spaced with cushions, mostly in needlepoint done by Mrs. Simpson from Matisse designs. Two arc-shaped reflectors, *right* and *below,* suspended in midair, spread light shot up from the floor. Furniture amounts to basket chairs, a grey marble table, a big sofa, a nineteenth-century Moroccan rug, little more. (More views, details on the next pages)

PHOTOGRAPHED RIGHT AND BELOW: THE LIGHT AND SERENE LIVING ROOM. SKETCHED: TWO ELEVATIONS AND FLOOR PLAN FOR THIS GLASS PAVILION. JOHN STEWART











# THE LONG ISLAND HOUSE OF MRS. DE MENOCAL SIMPSON







In Mrs. de Menocal Simpson's house everything is workable, beautiful. *Above*, a bronze fish weathervane, a no-nonsense fireplace.

## "A YACHT IN A MEADOW"

continued

In this flowered field on Long Island the house seems to float. Paul Wiener, its architect, said, "The roof with sun-blinders is new. It extends the possibilities of glass-wall houses, breaks architectural clichés."

On the south-facing duckboard terrace where Mrs. Simpson may give parties, stands part of the tubbed "garden," a tall mimosa tree.

JOHN STEWART



To balance the white curtains, earth-red floor, and cool unbroken view, Mrs. Simpson feels her house needs lots of colour, depends partly on bright needlepoint cushions, strongly-coloured paintings, and particularly on flowers. She said, "I don't see how people who live in the country can do without flowers."



The small black-tile-and-wood kitchen, carefully proportioned, has a charcoal grill opening through into the living-room fireplace. With wall oven, freezer, and dishwasher tucked in, the kitchen is as well-planned for action as a ship's bridge. "We studied," said Mr. Wiener, "how a cook works best with least commotion."



The table, set with a cloth printed with unreal plates of vegetables, holds a bowl of the wildflowers that lap the house.



In Mrs. Simpson's bedroom a metal Italian bed (about 1810) stands near a modern white table under a painting by her well-known brother, Richard de Menocal. Flowers fill a Tiffany glass vase beside an Alexandrine bronze Venus of the third century B.C. An old brass-and-leather chest completes this smattering of things, totally personal, sufficient.



The clear view, looking in from the terrace, shows how the sun-blinder roof cuts glare, keeps the house, "always cool, always warm."

The inventive lighting includes two reflectors hung on nylon cord that spread light from cylindrical "spots" on the floor.

The full-length view of the house, past black bentwood chairs in the dining space, slips out the far window wall of a bedroom. A black wool sofa with cinnamon and dark-brown velvet cushions, a polar bear rug, wicker chairs, portable leather cushions make a visual hum of textures. Mrs. Simpson said, "I didn't want it to look clinical."

The bar, on the seating ledge, is just a black-and-white tray holding bright Czechoslovakian bottles, wood-stoppered.







To give the effect of light and space, some inside walls stop short of the evenly lighted ceiling.

A butterfly-papered drop-front desk in a storage wall facing the kitchen doubles as a serving counter. Mrs. Simpson likes to cook, may invite six or eight guests for dinner and may give them: chowder, fish, or charcoal-broiled chicken, young spinach or corn, salad with herbs from her herb garden planted in hogsheads, cheese, then fresh fruit, wine, and *espresso* coffee.

While the fireplace has ample wood storage space, the house is radiantly heated, could be air-conditioned.







Over the dining table—a butcher-block top on steel legs—hangs an old painting of ships against a green sea, pink sky.

Mrs. Simpson's needlepoint, purposeful, brilliant, exacting, describes something of her visual bent. She works on this rug of many colours against a black-coffee-brown ground, destined for her bedroom, while she watches birds lured into field-glass range by her provisions: butterfly weed, mulberry trees, a birdbath that echoes the house's finned lines.

Paul Wiener designed new lights: double wood squares (on left wall) that, like carriage lamps, send light up and down.

"The smell of wet wild earth is everywhere," Sara Teasdale wrote about a May day. Take some of the wild earth, put it into baskets – along with flowering plants. The white candytuft basketed above could scent a patio or hang from a garden wall, or give pleasure to someone sunning in the split-reed chaise above. Made, like the good wine, in Madeira, it has foam rubber pads covered in any-colour sailcloth, a back that slants to three positions. The armchair, white iron with a bright blue cushion, is new and rather Gothic. Lighting all, very top, the candle in a glass-windowed Spanish pewter lantern.

Under the midday sun or a dusky grape arbour, wine served from the café table above could taste idyllic. Copied from a French bistro table, its mottled marble top is brass-bound, its tripod base white iron. There are curly white iron *bois* chairs to give it proper authenticity. But here it's shown with a folding black iron chair, hand-caned back and seat, its design taken from one for strollers sitting out a stroll in the Tuileries Gardens.

The pair of green trees centred here in antiqued terra-cotta tubs will grow the greener for a summer outing. Good house plants called *Ficus nitida*, they go back inside in September. Between them: Italian faïence cushions, blue and white, that stack up as a stool or table.

# THINGS TO GO OUT IN THE SUMMER SHINE

*Tables and chairs and other attractions of an outgoing life on the terrace, in the garden, at the poolside.*

A triangle that will see the light—the outdoor light: the new three-legged chair, *centre page*, has a striped ash seat stained two good stinging colours, an enamelled aluminum frame to harmonize, and a confidently weatherproof future.

Gardens, like rooms, often gain size by division. The latticed redwood panel, *below*, splendidly fences one in, divides a terrace, or marks off a special spot. The redwood came from trees in fog-steeped coastal forests, and like the trees will improve with sun and rain and age. The webbed Woodard chaise to its left is as light as summer fiction is supposed to be, has rubber wheels, adjustable back, a chalk-white frame, and cushions that "drain-dry."

From Hong Kong, where summer is a year-round condition, come some nice contributors to the easy season, among them two comforts *below*. The round willow-topped table has a black iron frame that can rise to coffee table height, then on and up to dining table height, then fold away for storage. ($15 buys all these virtues.) Another outdoor-goer from Hong Kong, the ottoman in the corner *below* has a brass-bound smoky-brown frame, tufted white vinyl upholstery, can be a footstool or a bench. Most of the furniture on both of these pages is at W & J Sloane. For other shopping facts, please turn to page 192



JOHN STEWART

# VOGUE'S OWN MENU

## CURRY BUFFET DINNER FOR TWENTY

*For this buffet, everything may be readied well ahead, the hot food reheated at serving time. The country pâté can be made with any ground cooked or raw meats, except beef. The shrimp curry sauce will go equally well with other curries—chicken, lobster, egg, crab.*

VOGUE'S OWN MENU

### MENU

TERRINE OF COUNTRY PÂTÉ*

CRUSTY FRENCH BREAD, SWEET BUTTER

BEER

SHRIMP CURRY*
(in moulded buttered rice rings)

CRUMBLED BACON, CHUTNEY, CRUSHED PEANUTS

SHREDDED COCONUT

POPADAMS

CUCUMBER SALAD
(with yoghurt, lemon juice, and fresh mint)

APRICOT TARTS*

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

### TERRINE OF COUNTRY PÂTÉ

FOR TWENTY PEOPLE

1 pound fresh pork, ground fine
1 pound veal, ground fine
1 pound chicken livers, cut up with scissors
1 pound fresh pork fat, ground
½ pound ham, diced
2 large onions, chopped
¼ pound butter
3 cloves garlic minced
½ cup cognac
4 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons pepper
½ teaspoon each: allspice, mace, rosemary, thyme
⅛ teaspoon cloves
3 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup pistachios (optional)
1 cup heavy cream
1 bay leaf, cut in two

Preheat oven to 350°. Brown the onion in the hot melted butter. Combine everything except the bay leaf. Mix very well. Fill an oval 4-quart terrine with the mixture. Insert half a bay leaf at each end of dish. Bake in a pan of water for 2½ hours, covered. Remove cover and cook another 30 minutes. Cool under a weight, perhaps a smaller bowl, filled with something heavy. Refrigerate until used. This pâté will keep 2 weeks uncut and covered. When serving, cover with chopped parsley.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

### SHRIMP CURRY

FOR TWENTY PEOPLE

8 pounds raw, cleaned shrimp
½ pound butter
1 cup minced onion
3 teaspoons salt, cayenne pepper
⅓ cup Indian curry powder
6 cups chicken broth

Melt half the butter in a heavy saucepan, large enough to hold the shrimp. Simmer onion until transparent without browning. Add remaining butter. When hot, add shrimp, turning them to cook about 2 minutes on each side. Add salt, quite a few dashes cayenne, and the curry powder. Cook stirring about 1 minute, add hot broth, and simmer 5 minutes. Note: This may be divided into 2 lots and cooked in 2 pans.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

### SHRIMP CURRY SAUCE

FOR TWENTY PEOPLE

8 cups shredded coconut
6 cups boiling milk
3 sticks butter
1 cup minced onion
4 large minced cloves of garlic
½ cup curry powder
3 tablespoons powdered ginger
1 cup flour
Broth from shrimp (about 6 cups)
Juice of 2 limes

In a large bowl put 8 cups shredded coconut in 6 cups boiling milk and steep for 30 minutes. Melt 3 sticks butter cut in pieces in a large saucepan. Simmer 1 cup minced onion and 4 large minced cloves of garlic in the butter without browning. Add ½ cup curry powder and 3 tablespoons powdered ginger, and cook slowly stirring for 3 minutes. Add 1 cup flour and cook a few minutes stirring. Add broth from shrimp. Strain, press out, and add milk from steeped shredded coconut and milk mixture. Cook barely simmering for 25 minutes. Add shrimp, cooked as in shrimp curry recipe, and the juice of 2 limes. May be made ahead to this point. Correct seasoning and reheat. Divide and serve in two moulded rings of buttered, cooked rice, the condiments in little bowls around each ring.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

### APRICOT TART PASTRY

MAKES ONE TART FOR TEN PEOPLE

2½ cups sifted flour
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon powdered cloves
¼ teaspoon powdered allspice
2 sticks butter
3 egg yolks
Grated rind of a small lemon
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup grated almonds

Sift the flour and measure. Resift the flour with sugar, salt, and spices into a large mixing bowl. Cut the butter in half-inch pieces. Make a well in the flour, place in the butter, egg yolks, lemon rind, lemon juice, and grated almonds; mix quickly with the tips of the fingers. Pastry may be made in an electric mixer at a low or mixing speed. Roll into a ball. Wrap in waxed paper and chill for 2 hours. This pastry, difficult to handle, is delicious. Meanwhile, prepare filling. Note: Almonds may be grated in seconds in a blender.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

### APRICOT TART FILLING

FILLS ONE TART FOR TEN PEOPLE

1 box dried apricots
1 strip lemon peel
¾ cup sugar
1 tablespoon kirsch
1 large can apricot halves (or 12 fresh apricots)

Cook dried apricots, according to directions, with the lemon peel. Add sugar 5 minutes before they are done. Purée and then mix with the kirsch. Roll out ⅔ of the pastry between 2 sheets of waxed paper. Peel off 1 sheet of paper and invert the pastry onto a buttered 9-inch Pyrex pie plate, piecing it together if necessary. Flute the edges, pour in the puréed fruit. Drain the apricot halves thoroughly, and arrange over the purée, cut-side down. Roll out remaining pastry into half-inch strips and arrange in a lattice over the pie. Bake in a preheated 350° oven for 50 minutes. Cool. This may be served with sweetened whipped cream flavoured with almond extract.




*Strawberries Romanoff, page 17, "The Gourmet's Guide"*

## The delightful *difference* is Cointreau!

Take this recipe, for example. It is Strawberries Romanoff, a delightful yet simple dessert. On page 17 of our "Gourmet's Guide" you find that the magic touch is your use of Cointreau Liqueur. Do write us for a free copy and look at the other 48 recipes for main dishes, desserts and drinks. Cordials by Cointreau—all 20 of them, will open up for you a new approach to entertaining. Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof, produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.



# THE BLACK AND WHITE SHOE NEWS

## What's with it

The freshest news in shoes is the shoe that's both black and white. Great with prints, bright purple linen, clear shantungs—most summer fabrics, in fact. Reading from the top: Cut-out white kidskin shoe, railed off with black snakeskin. By Mademoiselle, of Fleming-Joffe snakeskin and Thomas B. Harvey kidskin; about $22, at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Wm. H. Block. Laced spectator of beigy-white linen and black patent leather. By Evins (Seton leather), about $40; I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. T-strap shoe, a variation of a shoe designed for the Mainbocher collection; with the new nose-to-the-ground toe; alligator —black with cream. About $125; to order at Delman. White mule with black running stitches, below left; by Julianelli, of Loewenstein calfskin, about $35, at Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr; Harzfeld's. A ghillie, below right, designed for the Norman Norell collection. Linen-coloured linen and black patent leather. By David Evins of Seton leather, about $40. At I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Swatched, right—fabric news geared to the black-and-white shoe. From the top: bright pink grainy crêpe; white carved cotton; coarse white lace; bright-purple straw-weave fabric; puckery cold-blue cloqué; greige heavy glazed linen; bold black and white print; summery straw-weave suiting in tones of natural beige; another glistery linen—indigo-blue; dots as they're newest—with the colour in the background (white on green).



JOHN STEWART

V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

# for hostessing at home, V.O. is the vogue




Costume by Jacques Tiffeau.
Stinger by V.O.
Together they make an evening an event.
V.O. sets the fashion in whisky.
For V.O. is that rarity among whiskies in which lightness has brilliance of flavor.
To make the V.O. Stinger add 2 parts V.O. to 1 part white creme de menthe. Shake, strain, and serve. Delightful!
**Seagram's Imported V.O.**
Known by the company it keeps.



# APRÈS-SWIM LOOK

The kind of easy little white put-over that's one of the cool delights of a salt-water summer. To own in multiple—to wear for a seaside lunch as a cover-up for a bathing suit. It's skimmed on here over a white bikini and long-distance legs, but it might also go out over pants or a short white beach skirt. V'd, buttoned in back, and leashed with a tie belt. By Pilot, of textured Dacron, about $6. At Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Sakowitz. The high-rise straw hat is by Sally Victor.





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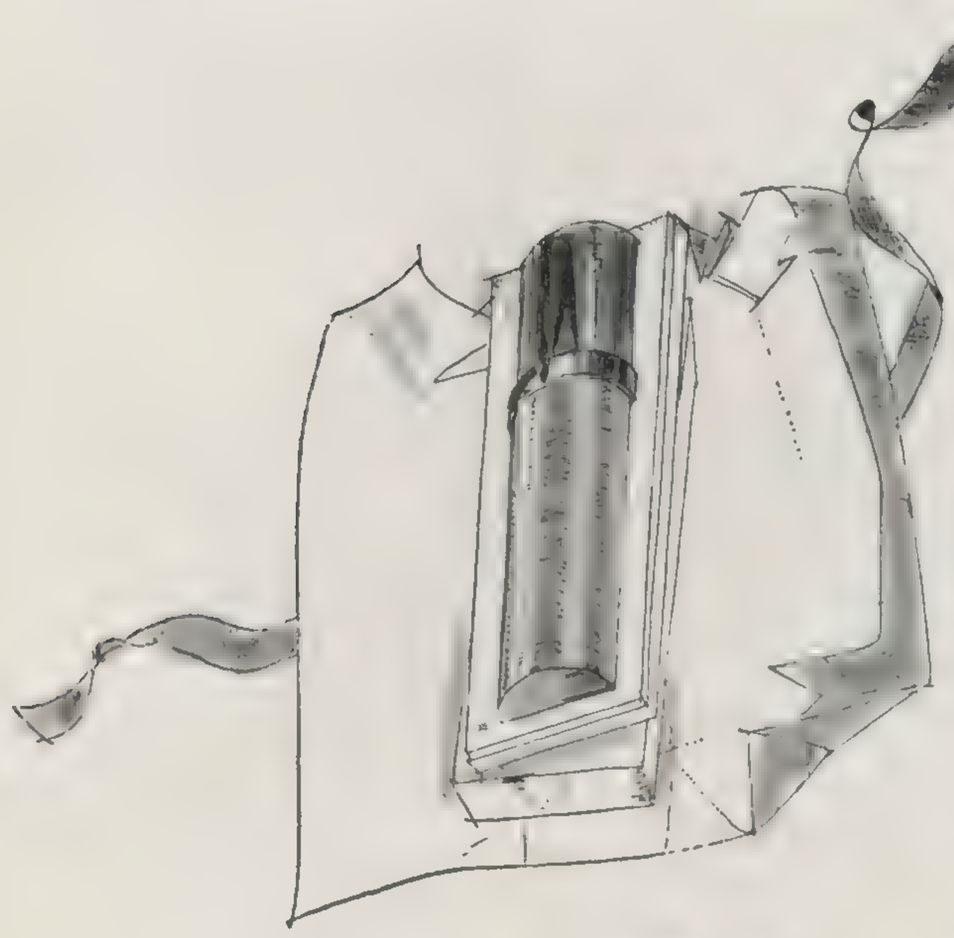
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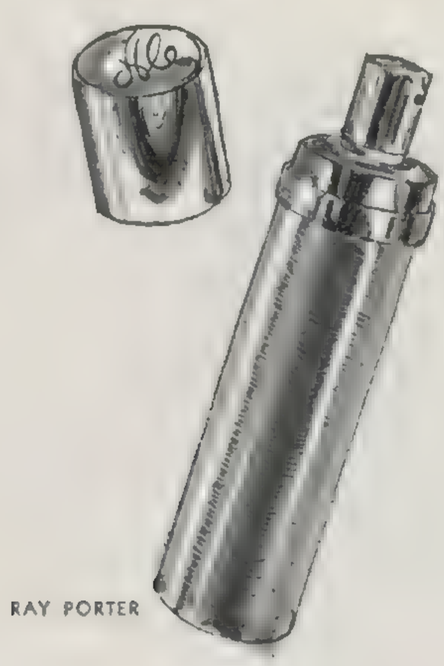
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# PINK TO WEAR INVISIBLY

Pinks, all the pinks, are good fashion this year—including one that's worn invisibly: Carnegie Pink perfume. Invented a few years ago, it has a wider-than-ever following now, has just been translated into spray-on form. To most noses, it really *is* essence-of-pink (though it's decidedly non-nursery): a sophisticated, well-bred fragrance, dry and attractive. The new cologne spray-mist is sketched here in various stages of being unwrapped (it comes bound up in glisteny pink paper with pink ribbon); the tall gilt atomizer is metered, will whiff 1,250 times. And it's refillable. By Hattie Carnegie; $6 plus tax. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; I. Magnin.







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# NEWS PAPER FOR






*Bellevue,*
*Orleans, Louisiana*
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One's house on one's letter compounds its personality, gives the writer a setting, the reader a view. The English have wonderful ways with house letterheads, and the real letterheads here, along with the invented ones, are presented as English inspirations for good American paper.

Cecil Beaton's design for his own Redditch House paper is shown on a silky white Crane single sheet, 9½″ by 6¼″, 200 sheets, $3.85; 100 envelopes, $3.15. The fictional Louisiana house, *centre*, is on Crane's "Moonstone Grey" single sheet, 75 sheets and 50 envelopes, $4.75. The old trees of invented Penrose are on grey-striped notepaper: Crane's Greylawn folds to 3½″ by 5″; 50 notes, 50 grey-lined envelopes, $5.25.

# COUNTRY LETTERS

House portraits for letterheads: an English idea for American papers.





FARMINGTON HALL
MIDDLEBURG




Needed in addition to the house: an artist to draw it, a good stationer (say Tiffany, Cartier, Dempsey & Carroll) to make the plate for printing, or the die for engraving, and some worthy paper.

This page, the marking designed by Hugh Robson for The American Museum in Britain. is on Eaton's Linen Sheer airweight white single sheet, 6″ by 8″; 110 sheets, $1.20; 25 envelopes, 60c. Farmington Hall (fictional) is on Eaton's Petersburg note paper, pale blue and folded to 4″ by 5″; 20 notes and 20 envelopes, $1. The theoretical owners of Strawberry Hill House chose to have their house portrait printed on a post card, vertical side up. White with a blue border, 25 for 65c. More, next page.

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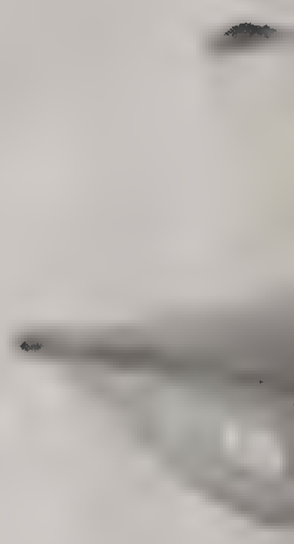
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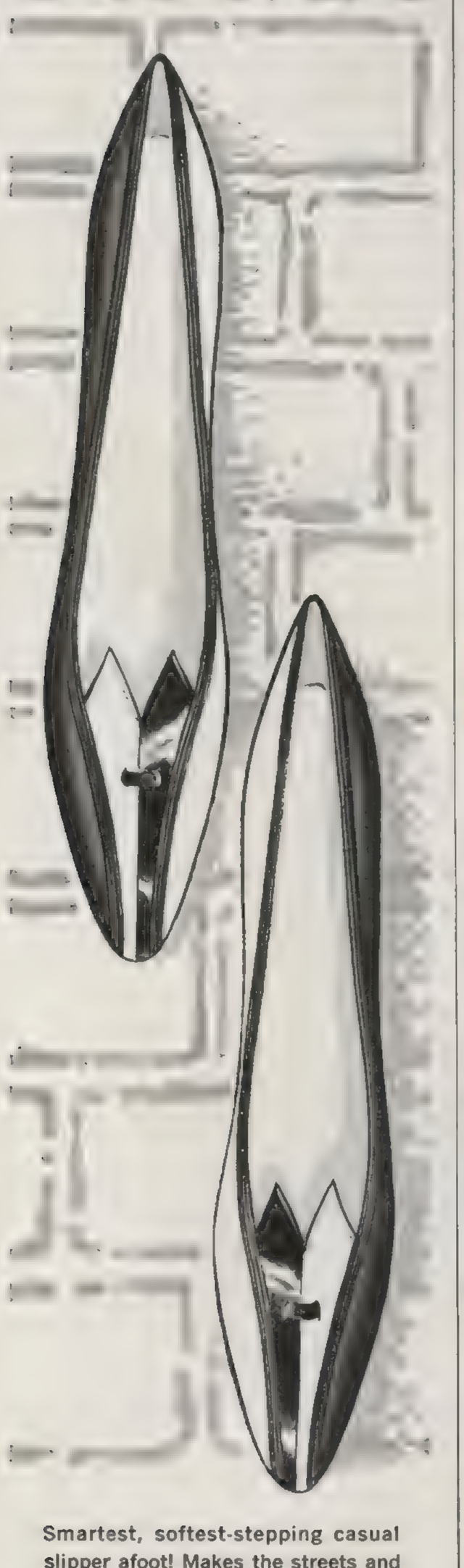



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ROMA



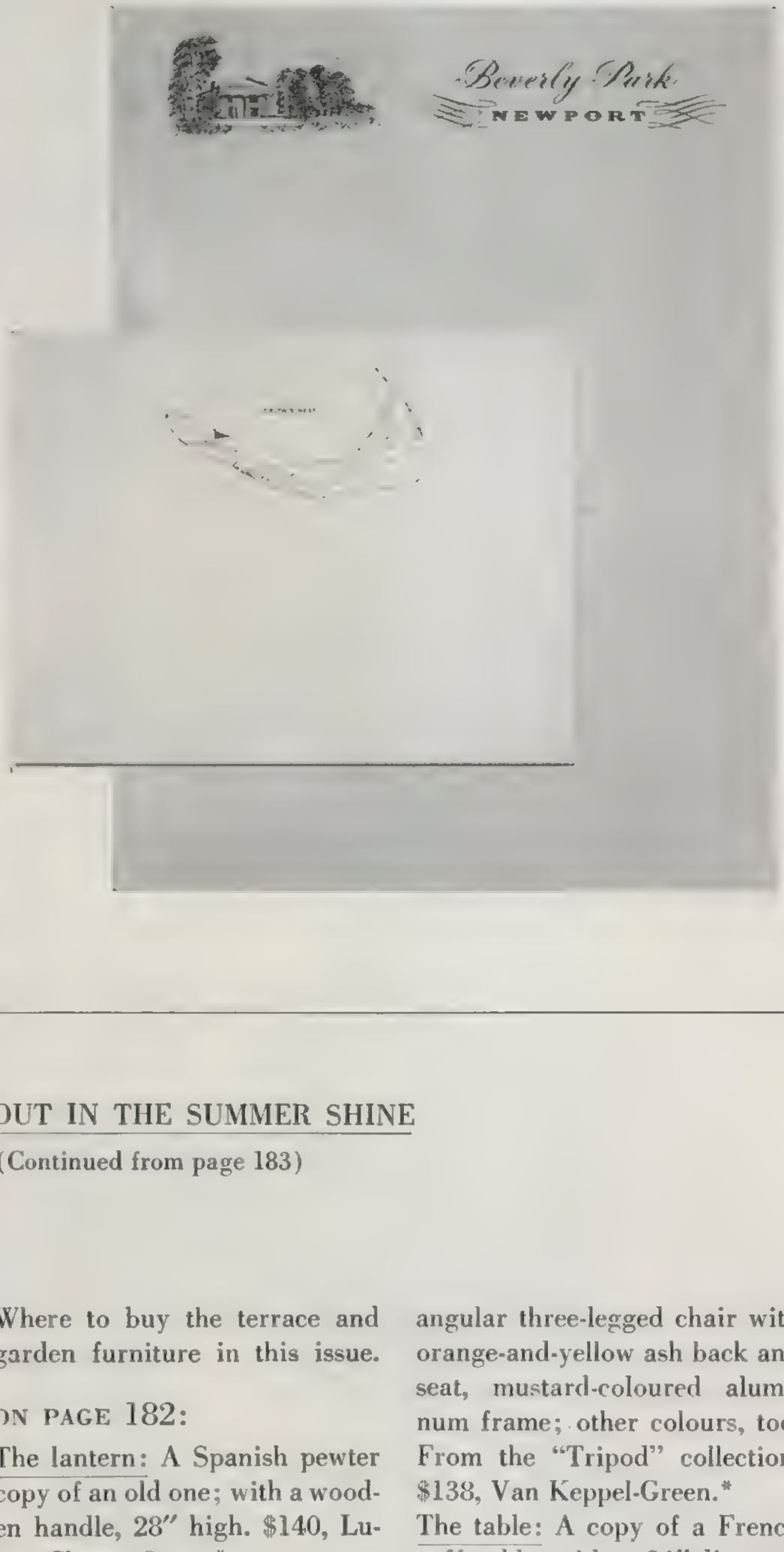
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## NEWS PAPER FOR COUNTRY LETTERS

(Continued from page 191)




The pillared finery of a make-believe house called Beverly Park is set off by Montag's Strato-Sheer air-weight single sheets, 8″ by 6″. In pale-blue, 100 sheets, 95c; 22 envelopes, 50c. An island dweller might outline that island and pinpoint his house for a letterhead. This the imaginary owner of Crow's Nest did on Montag's Venice Serenade paper: 45 blue-bordered, white vellum single sheets, 30 foldover notes, 75 envelopes, $6.

NOTEPAPER PRICES QUOTED DO NOT INCLUDE DIE OR ENGRAVING

## OUT IN THE SUMMER SHINE

(Continued from page 183)

Where to buy the terrace and garden furniture in this issue.

ON PAGE 182:

The lantern: A Spanish pewter copy of an old one; with a wooden handle, 28″ high. $140, Luten, Clarey, Stern.*

The chaise: Split-reed, with a foam rubber pad covered in sailcloth, adjusts to three positions; made in Madeira for John Vesey. $168, W & J Sloane.

The chairs: One, *left*, a white-enamelled wrought-iron armchair, rustproof, with bright blue cushion. $28, W & J Sloane. One, *foreground*, a folding black iron "Tuileries" chair with hand-caned back and seat. $125, David Barrett.* One, between the plants, a deep-seated triangular three-legged chair with orange-and-yellow ash back and seat, mustard-coloured aluminum frame; other colours, too. From the "Tripod" collection. $138, Van Keppel-Green.*

The table: A copy of a French café table, with a 24″-diameter brass-bound marble top, 27½″ high. $75, W & J Sloane.

The faïence cushions: Blue roses painted on white, with blue faïence tassels, 13″ high, 15″ diameter. $105, W & J Sloane.

The pair of plants: *Ficus nitidas*, 6-feet-high house plants, $65 each. In antiqued Italian terra-cotta planters, 16½″ diameter, $15 each. Luther Greene.

ON PAGE 183:

The table: A folding table from Hong Kong, with a woven natural willow top, 24″ across; its black iron base adjusts to dining- or coffee-table height, or folds flat to go in a closet. $15, W & J Sloane.

The chaise: White iron frame with metallized wire webbing, rubber-tired wheels. Comes with striped or solid colour cushions that water drains right through, will not rot or mildew. By Woodard. $146, W & J Sloane.

The panel: Redwood with a cut-out lattice design from California, 2 feet by 4 feet. About $30, Luten, Clarey, Stern.*

The ottoman: A "Suva" brass-bound rattan ottoman with off-white "Doe-Vin" vinyl upholstery. 18″ high overall with a 27″ by 17″ seat. $140, W & J Sloane.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

(Continued from page 176)

foods, nor sly substitutions. ("After repeated trial, I found they just wouldn't do.") Her secret is simply this: a joy in cooking, a joy in entertaining, and the self-organization to sustain such joy, all possible pitfalls faced and banished well in advance.

HER SETTING, HOW IT WORKS

Born in Munich, the daughter of Count Alfred Oberndorff, a career diplomat, Countess Oberndorff, who is one-quarter German, Dutch, American, French. lives now in New York. As Housing Consultant for the United Nations Hospitality Committee, she puts apartments and delegates together, eases the way around the shops and services of New York for French-speaking UN families, many of them Africans.

The apartment she put together for herself is a rather small one-room supplemented by a very small kitchen and dressing room. A comfortable room, all white walls, glowing wood, and random colours, it is full of the polish of old European tables and chests, the pleasant maturity of leather, the mellow browns of seventeenth-century portraits and still lifes, the garden scent of scores of white and yellow flowers. The sunny daytime room becomes dramatic evening party room, with, for accomplices, the window-wall and well-rehearsed tables and chairs.

Four leather-slung Spanish walnut chairs and two needlepoint Victorian chairs seat six at an oval English breakfast table, permanently placed at the window. When dinner is for twelve, a folding round table for six comes out of a closet and unfolds in front of a tufted black Victorian sofa, with watermelon-pink cushions, that seats two; another two guests sit in armchairs and two folding chairs come from the building's supply room.

A shallow-drawered American maple chest, inner-conditioned to hold the Countess's vermeil and silver, is crowned on a party night with vermeil trays that offer coffee and *tisane* in eighteenth-century porcelain-flowered pots, *eaux-de-vie* in lanky European bottles. A great inlaid German secretary is the departure point for letters and stores the liqueurs. A high Spanish walnut table has turned legs, iron stretchers, and an open supply of liquor, bitters, ice, and other bar assistants for guests to make their own drinks. Which guests do.

Because she had neither a bedroom nor a coat closet, Countess Oberndorff invented. Six Bristol glass blue knobs, old Italian banister finials screwed into the wall of the dressing room, hang guest coats to the left of a wall map of the United States. (The Countess on maps: "If you have them on the wall, you're so much more apt to pinpoint the news you hear and read." She has another one, a world map, in the bathroom.)

HER KITCHEN, HOW IT HELPS:

In a New York apartment listing, Countess Oberndorff's kitchen might have an -ette appended to it. But Countess Oberndorff finds her yellow-and-white, closet-sized cooking space workable. A narrow alley between the refrigerator and the sink houses bottles of Perrier Water, an Oberndorff staple. Beneath the sink is the wine cellar. its bottles numerous in quantity but only two in variety—red and white. "No room for special wines," the Countess said. "I prefer to have just two that go with all foods." This year's two, which she chose after a conference with Mr. Basil at M. Lehmann, are a red and a white Burgundy: Bourgogne Aligoté, 1959, the white; Auxey-Duresses, 1959, the red.

Open shelves hold condiments and herbs, including two

(Continued on page 194)



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*you are many things to a man...mother, daughter, sister, friend. And also, this primeval woman who creates for him a world of tender privacy, where the only occupant is you. It is this woman in you who will wear Maja perfume by Myrurgia.*
*To complement: Spray Mist, Soap, Bath Oil.*

MYRURGIA

Barcelona-Spain

on page 26




**SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN**

Costume news in Imported Fibranne ...two piece dress plus matching coat. Embroidery decorates the gently shaped overblouse. Titian Pink, Marco Polo Blue. Sizes 6-16. About $110.
At these fine stores:

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| New York, N. Y. | Bergdorf Goodman |
| Altoona, Pa. | Meyer Jonasson |
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| Atlantic City, N. J. | Homberger's |
| Baltimore, Md. | Hutzler's |
| Baton Rouge, La. | Gus Mayer |
| Beaumont, Texas | Gus Mayer |
| Boston, Mass. | Chas. Sumner |
| Buffalo, N. Y. | Tegler's |
| Charlotte, N. C. | Montaldo's |
| Chicago, Ill. | Carson, Pirie & Scott |
| Cincinnati, Ohio | Giddings-Jenny Co. |
| Cleveland, Ohio | Halle Bros. |
| Colorado Springs, Colo. | Montaldo's |
| Columbia, S. C. | Mary Lowe |
| Columbus, Ohio | F & R Lazarus & Co. |
| Dayton, Ohio | The Rike-Kumler Co. |
| Denver, Colo. | Montaldo's |
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| Fall River, Mass. | Arline Booth |
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| Honolulu, Hawaii | Carol & Mary |
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| Kansas City, Mo. | Woolf Brothers |
| La Jolla, Calif. | John Hogan |
| Los Angeles, Calif. | Bullock's-Wilshire |
| Louisville, Ky. | H. P. Selman & Co. |
| Memphis, Tenn. | Levy's |
| Miami, Fla. | Burdine's |
| Miami Beach, Fla. | Lillie Rubin |
| Milwaukee, Wis. | Hixon's |
| Minneapolis, Minn. | Harold's |
| Nashville, Tenn. | Gus Mayer |
| New Orleans, La. | Gus Mayer |
| Norfolk, Va. | Nicholson & Marks |
| Oklahoma City, Okla. | Al Rosenthal |
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| Roanoke, Va. | Samuel Spigel |
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| Rockford, Ill. | Ursula Stuart |
| Salisbury, Md. | Anny Godsey, Inc. |
| San Francisco, Calif. | Joseph Magnin Co. Inc. |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Stix, Baer & Fuller |
| Seattle, Wash. | Best's Apparel |
| St. Louis Park, Minn. | John W. Heller |
| Stamford, Conn. | Ethel Allan |
| Syracuse, N. Y. | McDonald's |
| Tucson, Ariz. | Cele Peterson |
| Tulsa, Okla. | Sadye's |
| Washington, D. C. | Woodward & Lothrop |
| Whitefish Bay, Wis. | Peg Bradley |
| Wilmington, Dela. | Purple Door |
| Winston-Salem, N. C. | Montaldo's |

## COUNTESS OBERNDORFF

(Continued from page 193)

standbys, apricot jam and red currant jelly, which she would not be without for impromptu desserts, omelettes, crêpes. Six electric appliances, five of them on top of the refrigerator: a Waring Blendor; a Silex Juicit, for grapefruit and oranges; a Knibb Ice Cream Freezer; a Hamilton Beach Mixette: a Defrost-it to keep the refrigerator in shape. A Radiant Queen Quartzbroil stands in another corner, cooks with quartz for a charcoal flavour. does birds, fish, and meat on its grill or spit. To the regular stove are left the baked and braised dishes, and anything to do with veal—"the grill disagrees with veal."

Another open shelf holds *tisanes*, those delicious infusions she finds many prefer to coffee after dinner; on hand right now —peppermint, linden, and camomile. One holder over the sink dispenses three things, aluminum foil, waxed paper, paper towels. A shopping habit: for everything being used—condiments, hard-boiled eggs, jams, butter, paper towels, et cetera—another supply in reserve. "Organization reduces to practically nothing the effort of routine housekeeping, leaves ample time for more amusing and interesting things," Countess Oberndorff said.

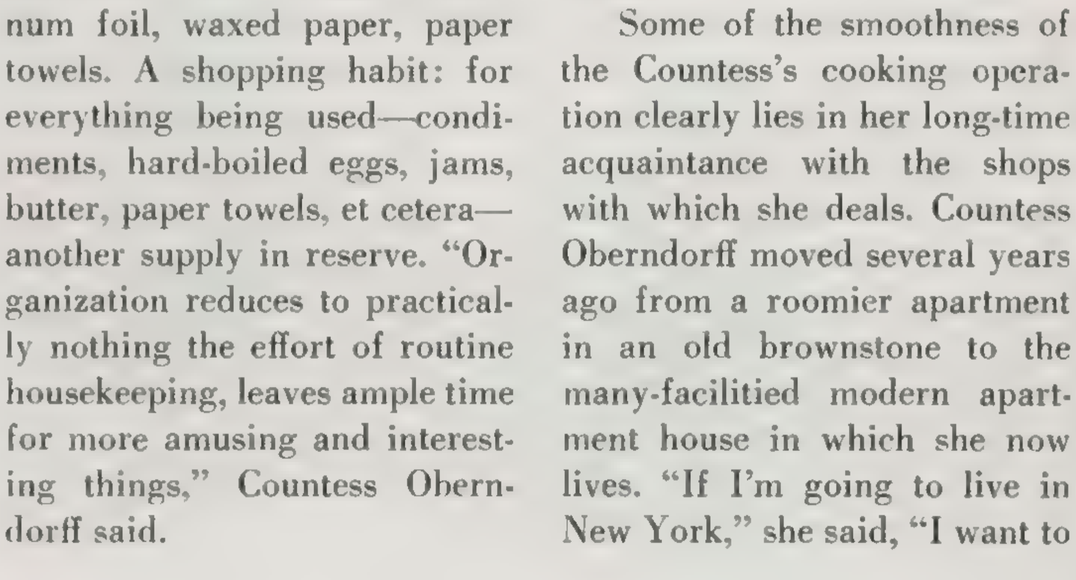
HER SCHEDULE, HOW IT GOES

For the Monday night dinner caught in the act on pages 176-177. Countess Oberndorff invited her guests by telephone a week before, then followed up with a visiting card reminder.

Thursday before: She planned the menu, which first involved a call to the fish market. Harry at Wynne & Treanor said they did not advise striped bass, but had nice pompano. Figuring about a quarter pound of fish for each person, Countess Oberndorff asked him to deliver four 1-pound pompano fillets on Saturday. "Send along the carcasses, I'll need the skin and bones for poaching."

When she phoned the butcher, Bill's Quality Market on Third Avenue, Milton assured her that he would have twelve squabs, would deliver them on Saturday. "Boned, please," she asked.

Some of the smoothness of the Countess's cooking operation clearly lies in her long-time acquaintance with the shops with which she deals. Countess Oberndorff moved several years ago from a roomier apartment in an old brownstone to the many-facilitied modern apartment house in which she now lives. "If I'm going to live in New York," she said, "I want to


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(Continued from page 194)

live as if I lived in New York—in a modern building where deliveries are no problem."

Consulting her appointment book, where she keeps a list of which guests were served what in the past, she cleared this menu: Fillets of Pompano, poached in champagne, with Caviar Mayonnaise and Cucumber Salad. For the main course, Squab Niçoise with Ratatouille and Rice Pilaff. Instead of bread or toast ("sliced bread dries out, toast's a nuisance"), Jacob's Water Biscuits, Italian bread sticks, sesame seed crackers. No cheese—"lengthens a dinner too much." For dessert, Pineapple filled with sherbet, surrounded with strawberries in kirsch, topped with whipped cream.

Saturday and Sunday before: Generally no entertaining on weekends. These are reserved for reading, museums, auctions, occasional movies, and letters. (Oberndorff rule: correspondence received during the week rarely lingers unanswered beyond Saturday.) She finds that ten cooking minutes now and then, interspersed among other weekend activities, are a pleasant change of pace and a sure method of taking care of most of the cooking necessary for a Monday or Tuesday night dinner. For the dinner here, the Countess prepared the cold poached fish during the weekend to the point where, on Monday night, it would require only unmoulding and decoration. She made the mayonnaise for the caviar mayonnaise. At serving time, it needed only a little sour cream and the caviar. For the cucumber salad, she seeded, grated, and salted the cucumbers, leaving them covered in the refrigerator to be dressed a couple of hours before dinner. She made the eggplant-zucchini-tomato ratatouille completely; all it needed finally was heating. Sunday night, she froze the sherbet but she did not fill the pineapple with the sherbet until just before dinner Monday.

From her florist, she had ordered white and yellow freesias, roses, carnations on her way to the UN Friday morning; received them Sunday for arrangement in a simple just-in-from-the-garden fashion, scattered around in crystal, silver, and vermeil bowls.

Sunday night, she set the two tables with her interesting trove of family table ornaments. When the hundred-year-old "Compagnie des Indes" plates with the Oberndorff coat of arms, stolen long ago when the family moved from one diplomatic post to another, reappeared in a Madison Avenue antique shop, she saw them and bought them.

Monday: The window cleaner arrived at 7:15 in the morning. Part of the Countess's party-craft is to have the big window as clear as spring water. Ordering the window cleaner for party day is the first thing she does after issuing the invitations. A building maid who comes in daily keeps the finishing gloss on everything else—silver, parquet floors, furniture.

Out of the house every morning by 7:30, Countess Oberndorff walks to her exercise class at Kounovsky's, a dozen blocks away. After a half-hour of head-stands, hand-stands, and trapeze, she walks another twenty blocks to her office in the United Nations Secretariat Building. Rain, snow, heat? None of these stay her in her appointed walks. "I listen to WQXR in the morning and dress accordingly."

Whenever she can, Countess Oberndorff likes to walk home again at lunch time. On this Monday noon, she made out the place cards, put them in little vermeil stands on the tables. Place cards make seating "one less thing to think about at the last moment."

Home again at 6:00, she put the squabs in the Quartzbroil, put the ratatouille and the squab sauce to warm, seasoned the cucumbers, prepared the rice. After showering, she touched the exercise bar at the top of the bathroom door frame with her toes, made up, brushed out her long off-gold hair, and rolled it up into a high French twist.

Back in the kitchen, she stacked her serving cart with a complete service for one table: hot plates and foods on the electrically warmed top shelf; on the lower non-heated shelf, the cold first course—pompano shimmering in champagne aspic on a long silver platter, the caviar mayonnaise in a vermeil sauceboat, the cucumber salad a tint of green showing through the clear crystal of a Venetian bowl. The sherbet-filled pineapple stayed in the refrigerator until dessert time. For the second table, a butler's table came from the closet, another electric hot tray was put on it. Half the dishes went on one table, the rest on the other.

Nothing more arduous was left to do than to transfer each course from serving table to dinner table when the time came. After dinner, to transform the dining room back into a sitting room required only returning the dishes to the serving carts and wheeling them into the kitchen, there to be dealt with by a maid the next day. The second table would go back to its closet, coffee and liqueurs would be served from the coffee table in front of the green velvet daybed.

The Countess stepped into a pale-beige crêpe Dior, put on a string of pearls and diamond earrings with emerald pendants that her grandmother wore before her, slipped her hands, for a few moments, into long yellow rubber gloves to put ruffles on the squab legs. When the old French clock in her dressing room chimed eight, she was ready. And that's how she did it.

COUNTESS OBERNDORFF'S RECIPES FOR THIS DINNER: PAGE 40.





For brides, of this year, and every year! Marja's exquisite "Swoop" basque with shell lined cups, the back swooped almost to the waistline, no straps at all, and real waist-nipping firmness. Trousseau fine nylon lace with Jacquard power net back panels. White, pink, blue, candlelight, red, black. 10.95

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# NEWS PAPER FOR



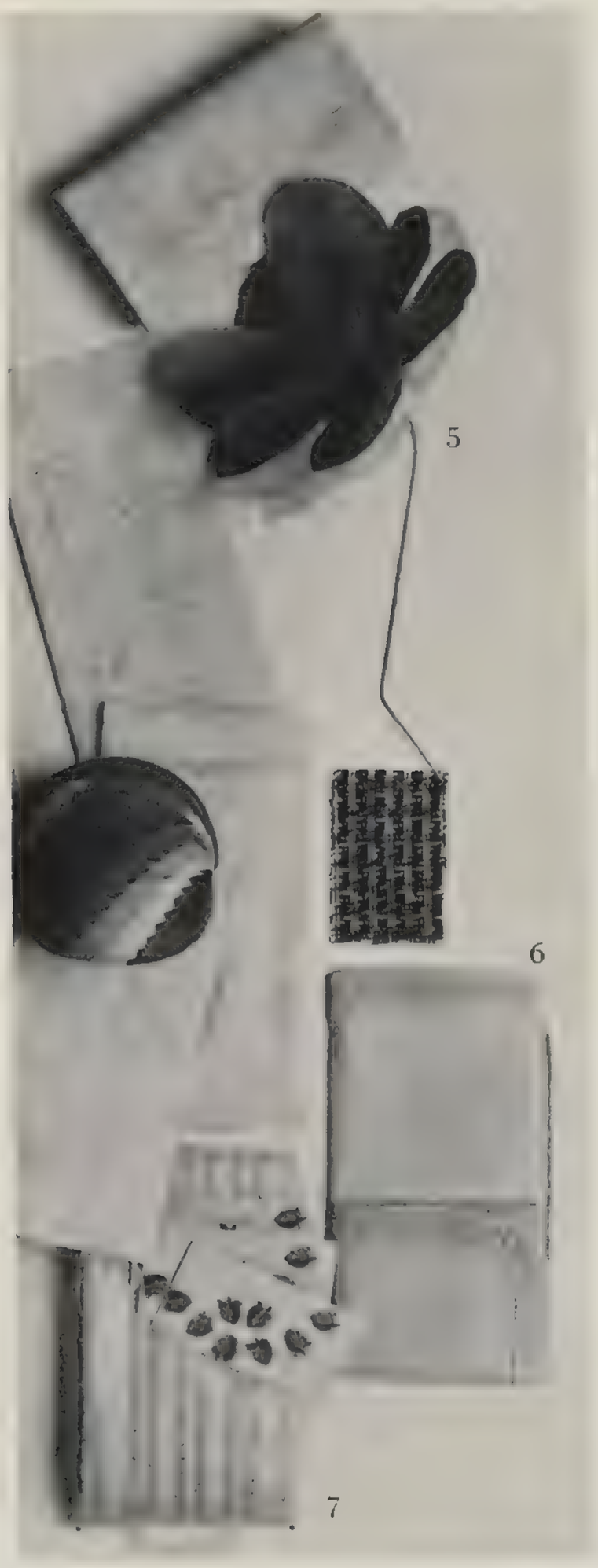

Paper could be the story this summer to make a limited-engagement house as pretty as a long-run house. See here what fine paper pennies will buy.

1. Six blue and white "Meissen" plastic-coated plates for 40c; twenty napkins for 35c; a big tablecloth for 65c. Twenty plastic-coated blue-plaid luncheon plates for 40c; thirty plaid place mats for 40c. All at Party Bazaar. Forty solid royal-blue napkins, *centre*, $1 at Bloomingdale's.

2. In a pink-and-orange flower design taken from an old Viennese playing card: sixteen cocktail-size napkins and coasters, $1.25; twenty mats and dinner napkins, $2.50. A cooler that will keep wine chilled six hours, $1.70. All at Papier Malcé. Twelve insulated "Thermo Plastic" porcelain-like cups, 50c at Party Bazaar, New York.

3. Thirty lengthy peppermint-striped straws, 90c at Papier Malcé. With a red bandana print, six luncheon plates for 35c; six cups

# COUNTRY HOUSES




for 35c; twenty luncheon napkins for 35c; a 102″ tablecloth, 60c. At Party Bazaar.
4. In a pink and red design, twelve soft napkins, eight plates, $1.25 at Party Bazaar.
5. A paperweight bedspread, an "Iris Plastique" from France, is apricot-coloured, looks like linen, costs $5 at Stark Valla. A tissue-paper flower, 18″ of blossom, $2 at Party Bazaar. Ribboned yellow plastic works as a curtain or bedspread (alterations done with scissors), $6 at Stark Valla. Rippled paper lantern, shades of purple, red, orange, $1 at Papier Malcé. A vinyl-coated paper cord rug by Waite Carpet, charcoal and white. 9′ by 12′, $25, Altman's.
6. Orange plastic beach rug from France comes with make-believe fringe in a plastic carrying case, $3 at Stark Valla.
7. Shower curtains of pink and white crinkly plastic, $6 at Stark Valla. Fifteen pink tissue guest towels, 50c at Party Bazaar, New York.


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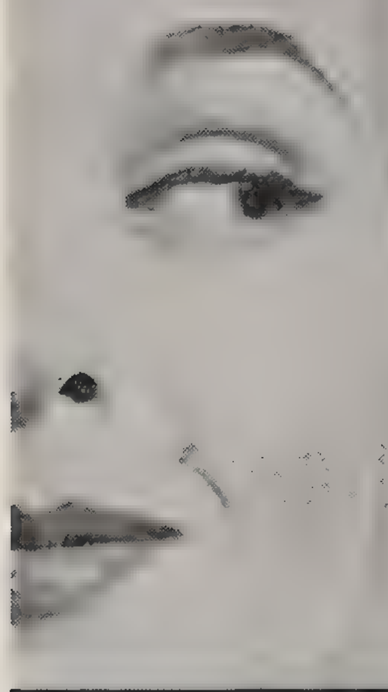
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## "LORD OF THE FLIES"

(Continued from page 156)

quired. They were not completed until 10:00, by which time Brook was resplendent in electric-blue bathing trunks, red torso, and face completely lathered in suntan cream, and a floppy, unravelling native straw hat. On the first four takes. one or the other of the boys fluffed a line or missed his mark. On the fifth take, everything went well until an aircraft carrier sailed across the horizon and the camera. Brook decided to print three takes for the rushes.

Lunch that day was served at the boys' camp, an abandoned pineapple-processing factory consisting of one enormous concrete room with partitions and a corrugated iron roof. The boys slept in rows of canvas cots under mosquito netting. During their scant free time, the boys were taken swimming. They were also making their own movie called *Something Queer in the Warehouse,* casting lizards fifty feet up in a water-propelled rocket and also into electric fans, competing for the Boy of the Week Award, and contributing articles to their own newspaper, *Vieques Variety* ("Monday's Pig Hunt: '. . . They let the pig go and it wouldn't move so the boys shoved it along, throwing it around. Two of the animal lovers cried. I was one of them.' ").

As the light was failing late that afternoon, Hollyman took his camera off its tripod and lay in the sand beside it to film a very tight shot of Ralph and Piggy, just their heads appearing. This was a "day-for-night" shot, occurring just before Jack steals the fire. The dialogue was taken directly from the novel. In fact, the boys spoke their lines from my paperback copy.

". . . Piggy, what's wrong?"

"Do you mean the—?"

"No, not it . . . I mean . . . what makes things break up like they do?"

"I dunno, Ralph. I expect it's him."

"Jack?"

"Jack."

Piggy was played by Hugh Edwards, aged eleven, from Camberly. He had seen an article about the company's difficulty in finding a suitable Piggy and, after reading the novel, wrote a letter to the company accurately describing himself as fat, astigmatic, asthmatic, and intelligent. Hugh turned into a Method actor, requiring Brook or Toby Robertson, the assistant director, to explain his motivations and reactions for every sequence.

James Aubrey, probably the outstanding actor in the company, played the most important rôle of Ralph. The son of a British Army officer, he has lived all over the world in his twelve years, and was found, along with several other boys, in Jamaica just before the shooting started. Tom Chapin, half-English, half-American, at thirteen, was the oldest and biggest of the boys, most suitable for his part of Jack.

Hollyman whispered as we watched Brook rehearse the boys, "This must be the first movie where the director walks around with the novel in his hand." Then the two boys and Brook and I squatted in the sand while James and Hugh did two beautiful takes. Everyone on the set was moved. We packed up silently in the gloom and returned to Frenchman's House.

Frenchman's House, where most of the production unit was lodged, appeared in the late light to rise out of the sugarcane fields. A rambling two-storey grey-and-white structure, it is the largest building on the non-Marine part of the island. Frenchman's, the story goes, was built in the early 1900's by a sugarcane planter for his young Paris bride, who took one Gallic look at her husband, her house, and Vieques, and hopped the first boat back to the Champs-Élysées.

That evening Gerry Feil, the associate producer, put together a half hour of rushes for the boys at Frenchman's House. There was no sequence or order to the strips, merely enough film

to include shots of all the boys and to give them an idea of what they had been doing and how they looked. The boys were terribly excited at seeing themselves, and the dark room was riotous with their shouts and laughter.

Several days later, the unit moved to another beach, a crescent of white sand and sea grape surrounding a shallow, silent, green-and-blue bay. Behind the beach was a circular sand platform built by the grips, and a curved-trunk palm tree bent almost to the ground so that James and the other boys could stand or sit on it. Four hours were spent on two very short scenes between Ralph and Piggy, occurring the morning after Simon's death. Again the dialogue was taken from the novel:

Ralph: "That was murder."

Piggy: "You stop it. What good're you doing talking like that? It was dark. There was that—that bloody dance. There was lightning and thunder and rain. We was scared."

It was 105 degrees on the platform, and the boys' thick make-up ran off them in streams, necessitating constant retouching. Much time was taken by Brook to rehearse the boys, and as the sun and the light and the shadows shifted, the cameras, reflectors, umbrellas, and sound equipment were constantly adjusted. Between takes, James climbed trees or swapped backgrounds with Hugh (whom he called "old man") and me ("old boy"). The boy was terrifically keyed up. He wanted more than anything to be great.

The afternoon's shooting showed the logic of Brook's theory about the film and how it should be made. "It's a project everyone said was impossible from the beginning," he said. Brook had refused to shoot the film in four weeks with high-salaried personnel but rather chose "cheap time" and "unlimited film stock" as the two imperatives. His production unit was small, inexperienced, and inexpensive, and the cast was paid only token salaries in addition to what had been advertised as a free vacation. Brook insisted from the first on an intimate, talented production unit that would treat the film on his terms ("a film of the highest quality and seriousness") and not as just another job. He fully expected to leave the Caribbean with 500,000 feet of exposed film to take to Paris and edit himself.

Brook has the extraordinary energy, intensity, and resilience common to so many exceptional men—he actually went horseback riding during the daily lunch breaks while the rest of us fell asleep where we sat or sprawled or staggered off swimming.

Things continued to go wrong. A message came through from New York that five scenes had been spoiled either in development at the laboratory or because of faulty film stock. A part of one morning's work was wasted when a shutter malfunctioned on one of the cameras.

The location was changed to the mountain top where the boys light the signal fire. The "mountain" was actually a steep hill in the midst of land used by the Viequens for grazing cattle and the Marines for manoeuvres just completed. There was live ammunition on the ground, and it was impossible to keep it all away from the boys. This was rough, dry country with land crabs scrambling between the rocks and cacti. Behind us was a rock quarry with a sheer hundred foot drop, wired off from the boys; below, orange-red flamboyant trees and in the middle distance, the sea.

When not on camera, the boys stayed at the bottom of the hill, exploring a sugar mill destroyed by the Marines, or squatted on top of the mountain under a large red parachute rigged as a tent. The first shot was of Ralph, Simon, and Piggy rushing up the mountain to wave and call the jet back. The fire had gone out and Ralph

(Continued on page 202)


How a Frenchman buys his kisses on the first day of May

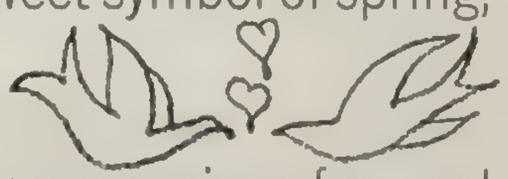




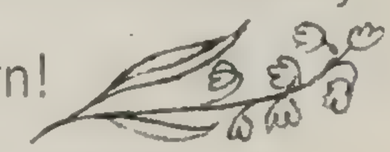
As May Day dawns in Paris, the city smiles itself awake. And a lovely legend comes to life again. The legend of Muguet des Bois (lily-of-the-valley).



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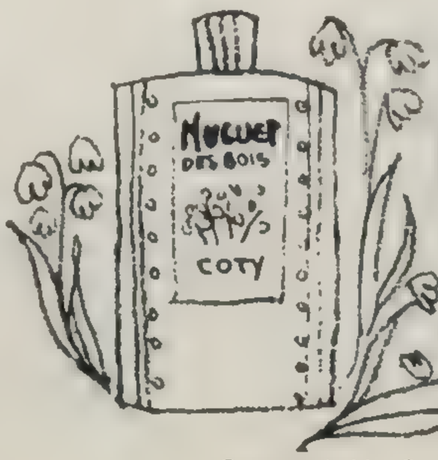


Frenchmen of every age empty their pockets, and by nightfall, the last sprig of Muguet is sold. Almost everyone in Paris has been kissed at least once. It's a very popular day.



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## "LORD OF THE FLIES"

(Continued from page 201)

kicked it. The scene was shot over and over, and I was suddenly struck by how much James had grown up and older during the seven weeks on the island. In the previous night's rushes he had looked a child.

After lunch in the valley, Jack and his hunters were covered with war paint and blood and filmed stomping and chanting up the hill. "Kill the pig. Cut her throat. Bash her in." The bloody pig was carried on a long spear by the twins. It was too heavy for them and they staggered around under the weight of it, looking more pathetic than ferocious. But the other boys had turned wild. The war paint, blood, sweat, heat, dirt, the dead pig, its gutted, stinking body all had made them quite suddenly savage. The counsellors had their hands full.

"A director directs to the limits of his script," said Brook the next day. "He does not settle for the written word of camera directions; he searches. he shapes, he develops, he changes." Soon after, the boys ate a roasted pig. The long improvisation was filmed but they would have eaten it, anyway. They hacked away at the head, ears, and feet as well as the body with knives and sharp-pointed sticks. The adults encouraged bestiality. Brook said he was looking forward to the next weeks when the boys must be worked up to a continuous series of savage and anarchic scenes, and yet somehow remain manageable and directable. In the interests of journalistic authenticity, I ate a piece of the pig Roger pressed upon me. Earlier, I had apprehended him with a honed machete blade in his hand. I took it from him. No hard feelings.

The boys were worked close to the limit in the heat and dust, and late in the afternoon with explosions sounding every ten minutes and the sun playing hide and seek with the clouds, Brook sent everyone off to swim. The forest fire started by Roger when he flings a burning branch (from the signal fire) into the bushes was postponed.

By the next morning, the boys' excitement about the fire was contagious. "We're going to have a fire, we're going to have a fire," little Jeremy sang to himself as he helped carry a log before the camera. James had now become unmanageable, and was to be made to sleep with the younger boys that night as punishment. He was coldly silent with the humiliation of it all, but then suddenly grinned and giggled. Only Hugh remained calm and sat under the parachute reading *The Deer-slayer*.

Late in the afternoon, the grips placed dry brush among the green bushes and threw gasoline over both. The area that was supposed to blaze was crescent-shaped and just below the summit of the hill. Unless the wind shifted in gusts, the boys would not get singed, nor would the fire burn down the hill. It was, however, quite breezy. There was no water or fire-fighting equipment on the hill.

Three cameras were used—two on top of the hill, and the third run by Gerry Feil placed below the fire. Brook, on top of a rock, gathered all the children and counsellors together and lectured on safety precautions. In one hand he waved a walkie-talkie with an extended antenna. He looked like a conductor with a baton.

The grips hurled lighted kerosene bombs into the bushes, and the fire wooshed up along the hundred yard crescent. The boys threw their concealed ammunition into the flames. A series of sharp staccato reports sounded. I took up a position with Gerry Feil. The hot fire approached us, then turned down the hill. We heard Brook shouting instructions through a battery-powered megaphone, and saw through the smoke and flames the children milling about excitedly and, apparently, aimlessly. It was getting dim. Shooting was "day-for-night."

The middle area of the crescent was green and not burning, so the grips sprayed the bushes directly in front of us with the last of the gasoline and kerosene bombs. Just then the wind shifted. An explosion of fire roared over us. Everyone—me, the assistant cameraman, grips—except Feil leaped back down the hill. Fantastically, he stuck with the camera and ground away. As I crept back toward him, my walkie-talkie was screaming at me, "Are you all right? Are you all right?" and I realized how completely I had lost my reporter's objectivity, how much I wanted the film to succeed.

A grip scampered down to us, chattering excitedly in Spanish that one of the boys had fallen fifteen feet down the face of the cliff. I saw Toby Robertson carrying James in his arms down the path to the cars. I raced after them until Toby called to me that James was all right. In a few minutes, they came back up. The boy was bruised and stunned and shaky. So was Robertson.

All but a half-dozen boys were packed off down the hill, protesting vehemently. The rest were directed by Brook to hurl burning brands from the signal fire into the green, unburned area. Tommy Chapin, Roger Elwin, and another little boy became so excited doing that that they had to be hauled off by force. Roger broke away from his guard and flung one last brand just over my head. "Roger!" a boy cried. "That's even more dangerous than throwing stones at the grips."

As the fire died, I stood on top of the hill and watched three separate storms rain far out at sea. Then darkness fell abruptly and absolutely. Lights were set up to help bring people and equipment down off the hill. At the bottom, post mortems that were to last far into the night at Frenchman's bar had begun.

The next morning I left Vieques. As the plane swept over the island and headed back to civilization, the pilot asked me, "Hey, how's it going down there? How're the kids making out?"

I said, "I wish I knew."

# WASH-AND-WEAR HAIR TO TAKE TO CAMP











Of all the things that go off to camp with a girl (clothes, tennis racket, writing paper, advice), one of the most important is a good haircut—one that won't have to be trimmed for the whole of the camping season. For most children (all but the naturally curly crew) this means straight hair—which can be the unkindest cut of all, since it must be *expertly* shaped if it's not to grow out lank and straggly. The way to get an expert cut: go where the experts are—to a topnotch beauty salon. One such in New York is Louis-Guy D., famous with adults for wash-and-wear hair. Louis maintains that hair that's really well cut shouldn't need setting, should just fall into place with a flick of the brush. He cuts by the weight of the hair, judging by its heft—by the way it feels in his hand—when it has reached its exact natural length, the length at which it will automatically turn up or under, will have the most body and bounce; he sometimes spends 45 minutes to an hour on a first cut. The first trim can be as much as eight or nine weeks later. Before the cut, hair is shampooed and treated to a protein rinse to make it more manageable and give it shine. Photographed in the works here: his PrinceValiant cut, a good choice for camp. The bangs, of course, will turn sheep-dog before the summer is up—at which time they're simply swiped to one side. Their special charm: they're not sheared straight across, but shaped to follow the arch of the eyebrows. A child's haircut at a salon generally costs as much as a styling for an adult, but it's worth it for the fuss-free summer it provides.




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(Continued from page 117)

does not need summer, the kind of woman who, in that unattractive word, "copes." No wasting *her* summer with solitaire: no black widows under *her* lawn chairs. In a stalled elevator on the hottest day of July, one finds her consulting her appointment book, a (sharpened) pencil poised prettily in one (gloved) hand; where one never finds her is in tears at five o'clock, or wondering at thirty-five-thousand feet on what bench at Idlewild she left her raincoat, or having drinks with people she does not much want to see. (One suspects her of knowing no people she does not much want to see.)

It is a brand of emotional efficiency that runs in certain families (not, as it happens, in mine), and we have all at some point envied it, longed to be the woman we are not. Our resolution revives every time the seasons change: catch us on the first warm day in May and there we are, determined to Cope, possibilities shimmering endlessly before us. All it will take (phrases like *all it will take* and *once I've got* and *if only* are the giveaways, the marks of the hopeless non-Coper) is a new dress and a big black straw hat and *I'm going to wash that man right out of my hair* and suddenly no more tears at five o'clock, Goodbye to All That.

Unfortunately, it is only *au revoir*. The big black hat fails, with monotonous inevitability, to signal *a new life for me;* certain ambiguities and regrets cloud all our resolves, and suddenly we can not bear to hear the telephone ring. Katherine Mansfield said it all: "There are moments when I feel I am nothing but the small clerk of some hotel without a proprietor, who has all his work cut out to enter the names and hand the keys to the willful guests."

If those moments occur in the rush of autumn and winter, no graceful retreat is possible; the best one can do is slip into something comfortable (acute neurasthenia, say) and mention obscure viruses.

Summer, however, is our kind of season: answering one's telephone in July seems so irrelevant as to be almost irregular. For a few priceless weeks, we can be—if we work at it—free; can have time to recover, to recoup whatever winter losses we incurred, to court the privacy for which we longed in March.

We need not be, in brief, at the mercy of those willful guests. Instead we can sit in the sun, and let the edges begin to heal; steep our nerves in salt water and in iced fresh water and even in (it works just as well, sometimes better) the chlorinate filtered water of aquamarine-blue pools—and keep, for a while, to our disorganized selves.

We do not remember summer, after all, for its organization. What we (and our children) remember later are the alone moments, the impromptu moments.

Few children remember their swimming lessons; we remember instead the feel, summer nights, of a faded batiste nightgown against our legs as we leaned out an upstairs window and tried to hear the music down the lake, and wished we were old enough to get kissed. (My mother tried to hear the orchestra at Tahoe Tavern; I tried to hear Frank Sinatra at Cal-Neva, but nothing much else changes.)

We remember, imperishably, later, how it felt to sit up all night on someone's terrace listening to old Mabel Mercer records and watching the sun rise, veiled and white, on steaming New York mornings. We remember the mauve twilight wastes of Park Avenue on August Sundays, when we could put on a silk dress with no slip and exchange desultory summer gossip in cool lovely places like the Blue Angel and the Stanhope Gate and not worry a great deal about dinner.

We remember time wasted (wasted? *spent*) on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, all ripe corn and Sazaracs and crabs and fish jumping in those near-stagnant waters; we took the Chesapeake Bay boat from Baltimore, dirty-windowed and crowded with ice-cream-covered children.

We may not remember where we were going, but we do remember the hot and littered airports, everywhere; the night jets between New York and California that flew, perhaps five nights a week, with six and seven passengers, four of them in shirtsleeves.

We recall the evening fogs blowing in over Cape Cod and Cape Ann, and how on the last afternoon of one Labor Day weekend in Rockport the leaves had already begun to drift across the square. (On the way home, we ate fried clams at Howard Johnson's, but that summer was gone, irrevocably.)

We remember the rain falling every afternoon about four on the North Carolina Piedmont, and watching tobacco sold in towns like Durham, and drinking Dr. Pepper and Grapette, that deep violet liquid which runs in the veins of the Middle South.

We remember walking alone on the endless white dunes of the Fire Island Reef; we can see, with our eyes closed, the blown cypress at Carmel. We recall in dreams a burning, shimmering, improbably moving, never-never stretch of the Green River in Utah—seen once, from the windows of a Western Pacific Zephyr.

So many places to be alone, so many escapes. So many summers that we can keep—if we want to—for ourselves, keep forever. And we had better. Because *you just turn a corner*, someone once wrote, "*and the sweet swift years are gone.*"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A member of Vogue's staff for the past several years, Joan Didion grew up in California, and lives, now, there and in New York. Her first novel,* Run River, *has just been published by Ivan Obolensky.*

# IN VOGUE FOR MEN

## The summer-in-town suit



Two suits in summer's newest suit-colour—a cool, subtle neutral called charcoal tan (equal parts of grey and tan)—great to wear with a shirt in pale-blue or in one of the off-whites. *Above:* Charcoal-tan striped with the narrowest possible pin stripes. In a cool, lightweight British tropical worsted; with natural shoulders. This, by Baker, about $140, at De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; MacNeil and Moore. *Below:* In a new, cool, porous fabric (a blend of wool, Dacron, mohair), a charcoal-tan suit. By Botany "500," about $65, at Weber & Heilbroner: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's. The hat in both pictures is a sennit straw (the British call it a boater) by Churchill; about $8; De Pinna. Both, photographed escalating into New York's new Pan Am Building.



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## "FORGIVE ME, BUT MY MIND SHOWS"

(Continued from page 127)

tivity to match her masculine liberty; for the kind of man who has to prove his masculinity through domination is not for her. She will therefore be inordinately lucky if she finds one of the relatively few men whose security lies in the full and equal partnership of a love which may —or may not—produce children.

If she has children—this creative woman of ours—she must pay for this indulgence with a long burden of guilt, for her life will be split three ways between her children, her husband, and her work. What she gives to one she must take from the other, and there will be no time when one or the other is not harmed. No woman with any heart can compose a paragraph when her child is in trouble or her husband ill: forever they take precedence over the companions of her mind. In this, as in many other things, the creative woman has a much tougher time than the creative man. For one thing, she has no wife, as he has—to protect her from intrusion, to maintain the machinery of living, to care for the children, to answer the doorbell. For another, no one believes her time to be sacred. A man at his desk in a room with a closed door is a man at work. A woman at a desk in any room is available.

Now, most of us learn to accept this if we want both worlds of wife and work. The only alternative is to relinquish marriage in favour of men. I am quite serious about this interesting possibility: the recognition and acceptance of a special category of woman not unlike the hetaerae of Periclean Athens: women who concentrate on the arts of mind and body for the delectation of brilliant men—and themselves. Brought up to date, I see this as a chance for the inspired female to work alone all day and have companionship at night with a variety of men, similar only in that their need for stimulation is intellectual as well as physical. This would relieve them at intervals from the boredom of domesticity and rescue them gracefully from more sordid outlets! It would not be popular with wives, although it would relieve *them* in turn of their responsibility to be glamorous and amorous as well as motherly and wiferly. But perhaps I am a bit ahead of myself—and the times!

Where were we? Ah, yes, the penalties of being a creative female. One of them concerns nomenclature. The gentlemen of the press carefully refrain from identifying a man as a Negro or a woman as a Negress, but rarely hesitate to call a woman a poetess or a sculptress, antique phrases that suggest Victorian females painting on china. Even worse, a highly sophisticated magazine like *The New Yorker* delights in referring to "lady poets" or "lady playwrights," titles of spurious and ponderous gallantry which reveal nothing less than contempt. Have you ever read of a gentleman writer?—or even a man writer? There is also a tendency in male reviewers to describe any novel written by a woman and dealing with the sensibilities of women as "a woman's book." This assumption that women are interesting only to women is as silly as the assumption that men are interesting only to men. Since neither of these assumptions exist in European literary attitudes, they appear to be largely of Anglo-Saxon origin, reflecting, I suggest, an astounding lack of communication between our men and women except on sexual levels. Why should not a man be as intensely interested in a woman's clothes, thoughts, desires, dreams as she should be in a man's? Where does the embarrassment come in?

We now come to certain social problems which may seem equally trivial but which, over a period of time, erode the tissues of the professional female. Let us say that a woman has been a successful writer for over twenty years under the name of Jane Smith. Ten years ago she married a man called John Cooper. She is henceforth introduced at social gatherings as Mrs. Cooper. A lot of people know about Jane Smith. Nobody knows about Mrs. Cooper. Certainly not the other professionals at the party who know Jane Smith but don't know she's Mrs. Cooper. Result: no contact, desultory conversation with strangers, dull time. Why? Because the hostess has no imagination, because convention dies hard, because it takes that tiny added trouble to say—"Mr. and Mrs. Cooper—Jane Smith." As a matter of fact, along with the revival of the hetaerae we might adopt the Spanish idea of hyphenating the husband's and wife's name. I have always found the obliteration of the wife's name an outmoded custom related to chattels, property, and such. Since the mark of the individual is identity, why submerge it? Has any man, distinguished in his field as John Smith, imagined the sensation of being introduced to colleagues or strangers by his wife's name? Another social custom I find equally antique: the segregation of women from men after dinner. I share wholeheartedly Senator Maurine Neuberger's frustration at being separated from the best male minds for the balance of an evening.

But here, of course, we get at the root of the matter. It is widely assumed, by both men and women, that men feel more comfortable without the presence of women. This is certainly true of the upper-class British and of the more socially conventional Americans. Why? Because they want to tell dirty jokes? That has long since ceased to be a male prerogative. Because women are not intellectually up to their talk? Hardly, because many women now are. Yet only intelligent men seek the company of intelligent women. The majority avoid what they think of as competition. They don't want some female deeply ac-

quainted with foreign affairs to question their views on Berlin. They don't want any woman to tell them anything. What is asserted by a man is an opinion; what is asserted by a woman is opinionated. A woman with ideas and the ability to express them is something of a social embarrassment. like an un-housebroken pet. People like us, therefore, must learn to keep a respectful silence in the presence of men who may have a higher but also a lower intelligence, or speak our minds at the risk of the glassy male eye. So here we are again, supposedly intelligent and gifted women, scared of losing our femininity by the simple measure of saying what we think—and know. How much safer to play the rôle assigned us by the experts, to be still, to know our place, to charm—even to lie?

But since the urge to create is a search for truth, the lie does not work. We are hoist by our own honesty, by our singularity, by our identity. And yet without them none of us would be any good in the work we choose to do. That is our problem.

But why should it concern society, of which we are such a minority? Because I believe this minority to be in the vanguard of the revolution which the majority are now resisting. In fact, the American counter-revolution is a phenomenon which no one has yet explained to my satisfaction. While most other civilized countries, from Britain to Scandinavia to the Soviet Union, are incorporating more and more women of high intellectual attainments in their major professions and positions, the United States is plunged into an orgy of domesticity and childbearing. While day nurseries to take care of the children of professional women are standard community services in these countries, they are still viewed here as a Communist plot against the family and motherhood. While it is a matter of course to find brilliant women statesmen, doctors, university professors, and scientists elsewhere, they are as rare as trumpeter swans over here. The exceptionally gifted and articulate woman in the United States usually finds herself the only woman in symposia and conferences, on panels and discussion groups. This could be called token integration—a delaying device which is supposed to answer certain needs and objections without actually facing the root of the problem. It is no particular satisfaction to the intelligent and articulate woman to stick out like a sore thumb, or—if you will—like a jewelled forefinger.

It is time that society was trained to think differently about its men and women if the whole question of female identity as independent human beings is to be given the importance it deserves.

The first change must come about in women themselves. Those with a strong talent and a consistent desire for creative expression must stop trying to discourage and suppress their aspirations by attempting to conform to society's image of a woman or to "please" a man. If a man does not love a woman *because* of this independence, he is not for her.

As for men, they will have to wake up to the fact that for many women, the need for a separate identity is as important to them as their identity as wife and mother. They should also learn that creativity and femininity are not only compatible but often inseparable, that a body with a brain can be more responsive than a body without, and that imagination is the sister of love. Admittedly, the recognition of these truths by men is not made any easier in a society where intellectuality is suspect from adolescence, and where adolescent attitudes are cherished into middle age.

In planning a family, both men and women must come to realize that on this explosively overcrowded planet, the quality of their children is of far greater value to society than their quantity. Self-restraint may be alien to the human temperament, but humanity without restraint will dig its own grave.

Ironically, the large family is now not only considered a status symbol but has made the single or childless woman an object of derogation and pity—attitudes immensely destructive to her self-respect and happiness.

Once the large family is considered an indulgence rather than a contribution, the productive values of the single woman can be recognized, and she, free from the sense of guilt and inadequacy that now haunts her, can divert her full energies to the many crying needs of society. That the word "single woman" or "spinster" should imply inferior worth or usefulness is only one of the damaging by-products of our present consumer-based, security-mad, domestic pattern.

Finally, the people who deal in mass media must recognize that out of millions of women who are entirely happy and fulfilled in their classic rôles as wife and mother, there are thousands who are not; and that they may represent productive values of equal use to society and the nation.

In the meantime, and pending these changes towards an adult, rather than an adolescent, society, the lonely few of us will just have to go on being ourselves: living our special kind of life to the fullest, accepting responsibility for what we lack as well as for what we give, and taking the sniping from those who deplore us as well as the praise of those who admire us. Above all, we are not to be either feared or pitied. We made our beds, and although they are sometimes hard, they are good for the spine—and the spirit. And although most women would not want to trade places with us, some women who question their own aspirations may now be encouraged to pursue them. For it takes courage to know what you are—and to be what you are: yourself.




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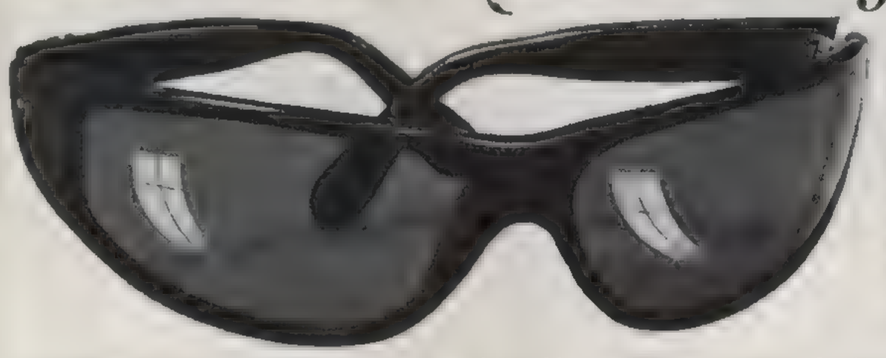
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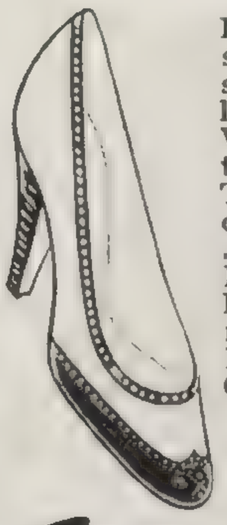


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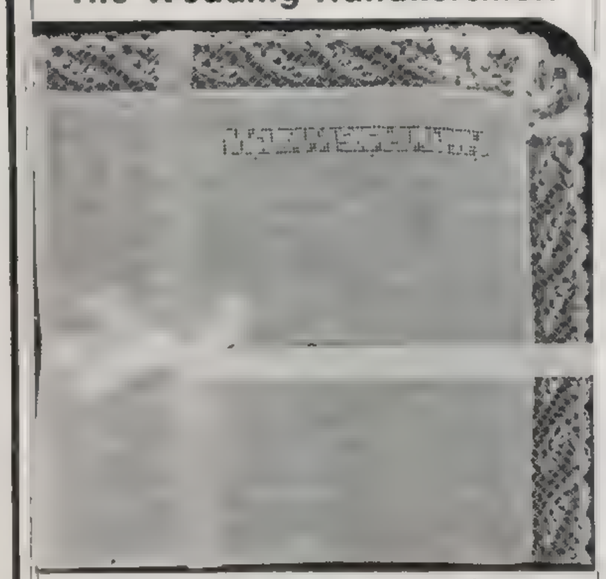
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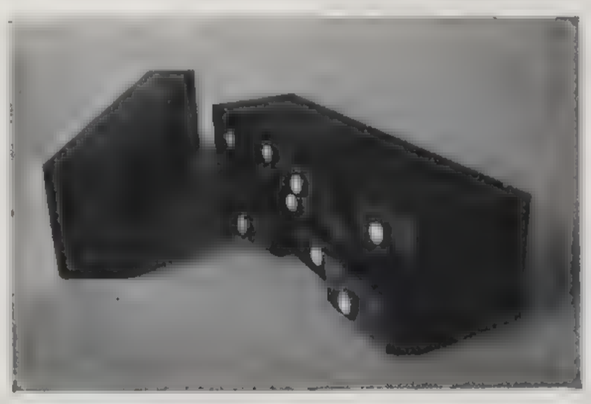
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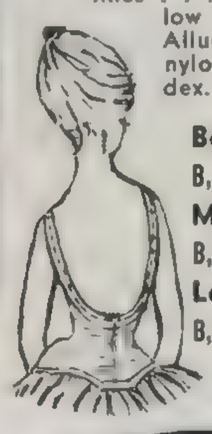
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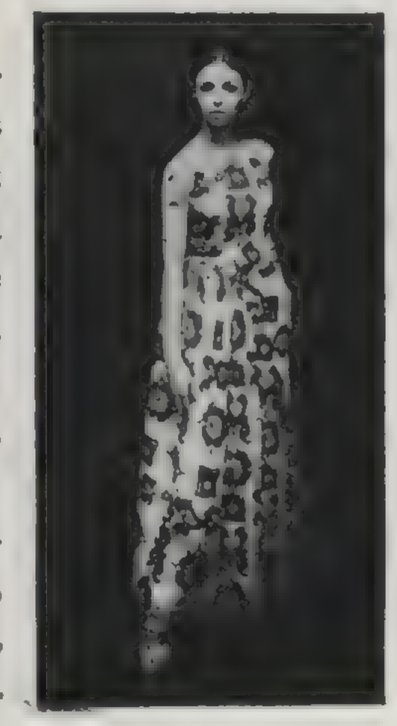



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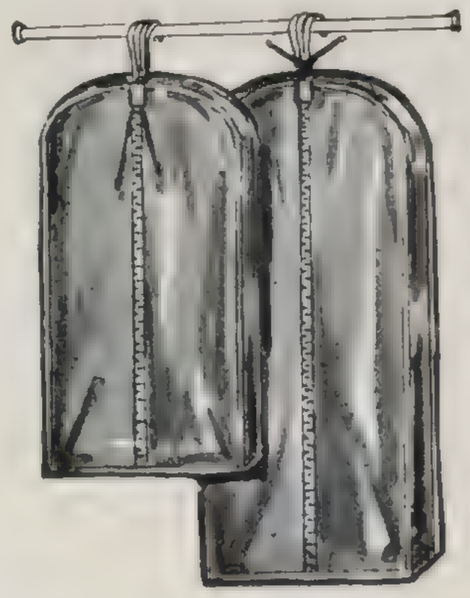

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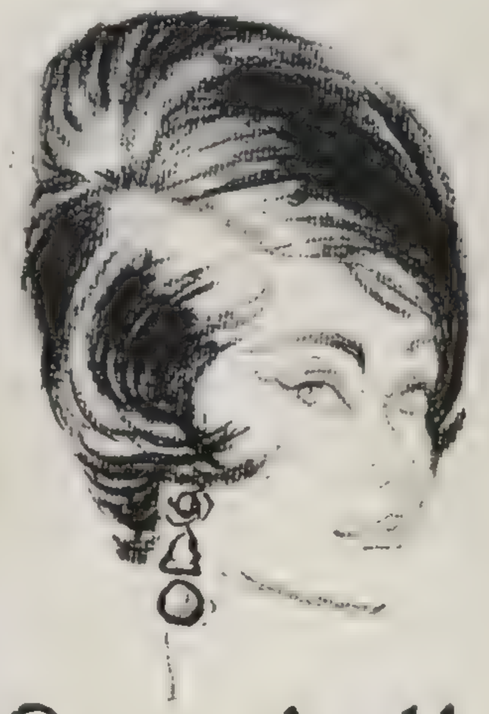
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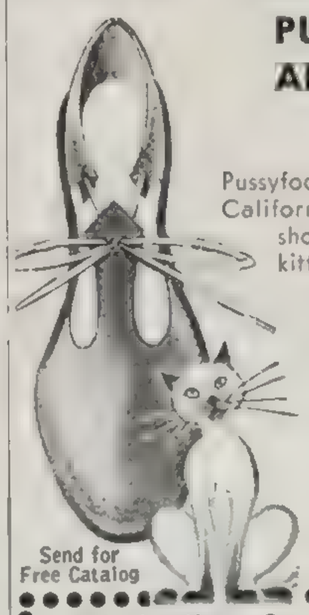
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Dots of all sizes on a beach shift with dropped shoulders, balloon sleeves (the push-up sort), side slits. White on black cotton; batiste lining. By Bizarré Classics. 5 to 13. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N. Y. 22.

Eight-day clock, rimmed in bamboo—actually tarnishproof sterling silver; 15-jewel movement; 3½" square. $175 ppd. inc. tax. Only at Tiffany, 727 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22.





Easy little denim beach shift in ticking stripes; very cool. With roomy pockets; wraps closed at the back. Black, red, or blue on white; S, M, L. $13.40 ppd. E. Lorence, 667 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Kidskin mules that look like ostrich-skin; squared, flat toes. Red, white, yellow, orange, light green, dark green, black, gold, purple, beige, or silver; 5½ to 11, $23 ppd. Alliata, 665 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.



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Black silk shift splashed with big, bright flowers—red, yellow, orange, pink. Of French Gourdon silk; to sash or not. Also other prints; 8 to 14, $35. Sechoir, 22 Greenwich Ave., N. Y.



From Switzerland, a battery-powered shaver for a woman—great for travel. Whirling-action blade. $9.95 ppd. St. Regis Pharmacy, 10 East 55th St., N. Y. 22.



Beach dress with wraparound skirt panels that tie at the front—and tie high. A brush-stroke print, pink and yellow flowers on white textured cotton; S, M, L. $15.50 ppd. Marti, Rumson, New Jersey.



Handsome link bracelet of 14-carat gold—a French design. Each link is carved, feathery. $140 inc. tax, ppd. At Marchal, 745 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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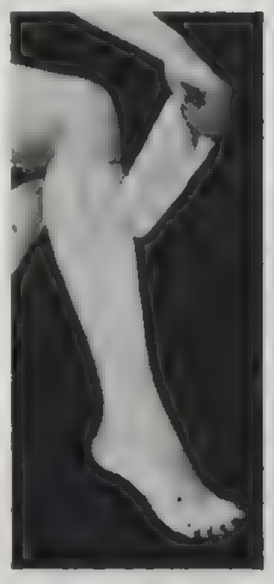
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*Ella Baché*

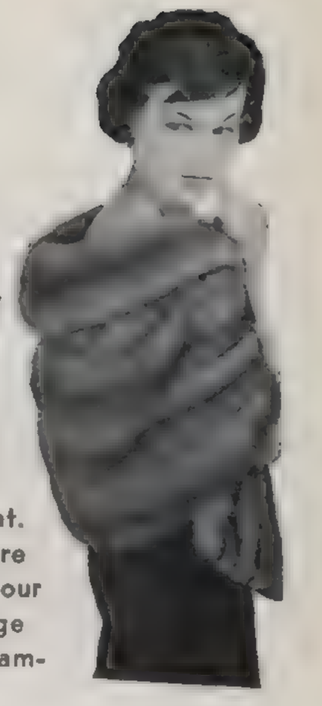
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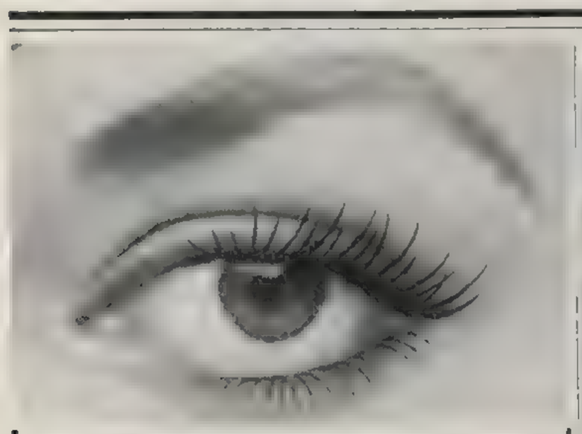
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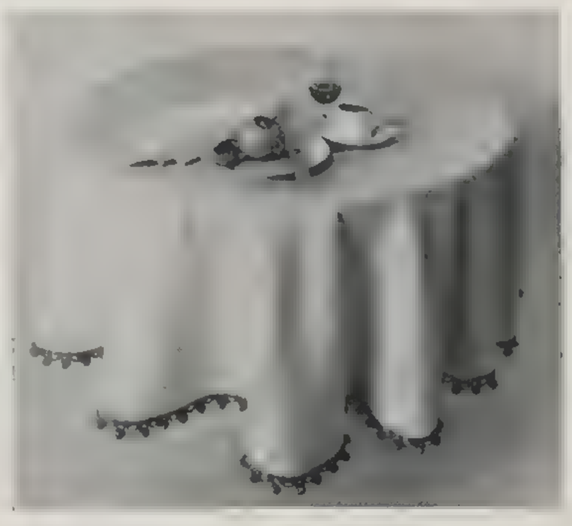
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Vogue's **SHOP**



Silk chiffon dress flowered in pinks and oranges, softly draped on a silk base. Spilled straight from the shoulders to the turned-under hem. By O'Brien Morris, 8 to 12. $115. Robert Leader, 146 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22.

Round denim tablecloth—yellow, fringed in orange; 60″ diameter; $12.95. Also in many other colours, four other sizes, round and square. Table Talk, Box 677, Lynbrook, N. Y. Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.





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# HOUND



Lacy little white bed jacket of nylon chiffon, the yoke and sleeves of rose-patterned nylon lace; scalloped edges. Also in pink or blue. S, M, L. $17.95 ppd. Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.



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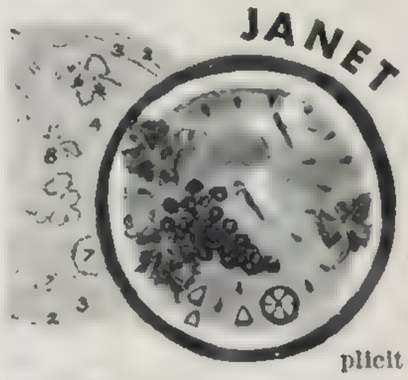

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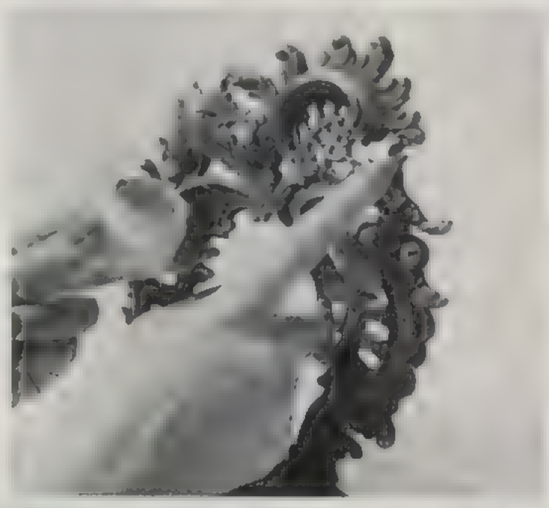



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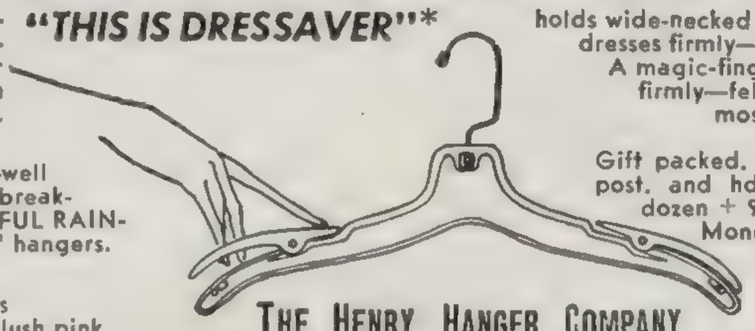
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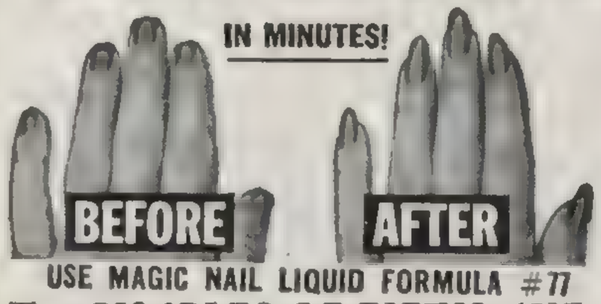



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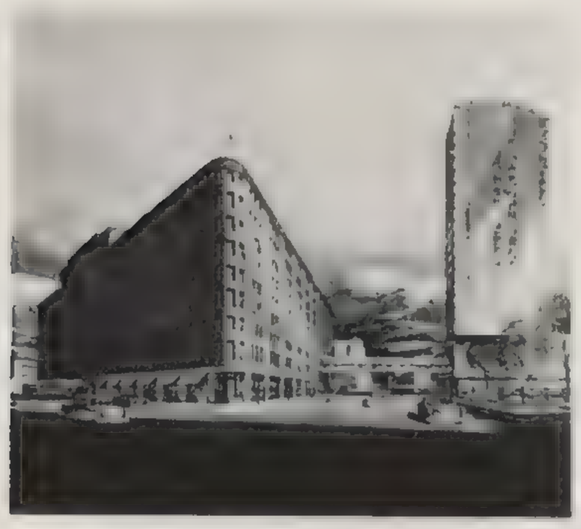


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Most Easterners take up some portion of New England as a hobby. Islanders light each summer on Block, Nantucket, Fishers; Mountaineers head into the Berkshires, the Whites; Sea-beachers dig in at Kennebunk, Watch Hill, Hyannis Port; Old-towners paint porches in Portsmouth, Stonington, Litchfield. In common, New England buffs have this: a sense of the chromatic range of scene and vacation resources packed in this relatively small part of the United States. In common, these authorities-in-detail have each a passionately preferred mode of approach: "The Massachusetts Turnpike is by far the best way down to Maine"; "I'll meet you on the morning ferry": "I always fly." Any way of getting there is worth it when, for instance, the goal includes a stroll on horseback over the stone-boned wooded Berkshires, or, in sneakers, down a pebbly mountain stream; or, the possibility, in the white sand of Martha's Vineyard below Gay Head's rusty cliff, to pick up such sea-loot as fifty water-logged copies of a basic course in Finnish. Since New England guest accommodations are as assorted as the scenery, each summer offers a new group a chance to take up (finders keepers) a fresh part of New England.

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SPRING LAKE BEACH



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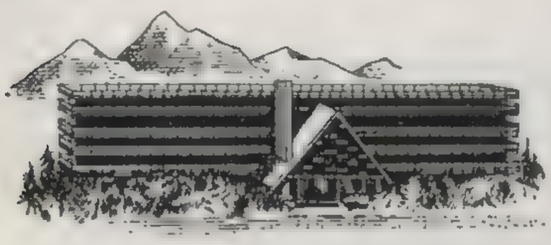
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THE Travelog section is listed for your information and convenience when planning a vacation or holiday. The hotels and resorts listed excel in hospitality, food & pleasant atmosphere.

## VERMONT

MT. SNOW



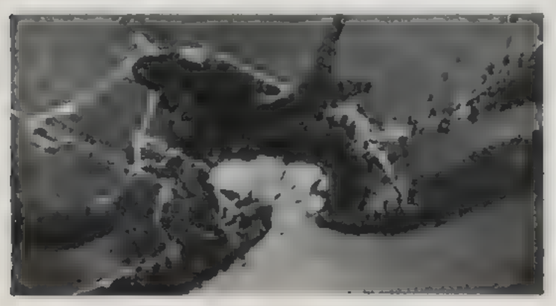
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VERGENNES 4



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## BAHAMAS

NASSAU



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PAGET

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OCHO RIOS

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OCHO RIOS



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ST. THOMAS



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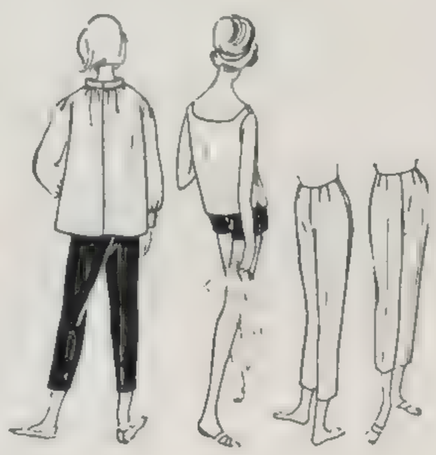
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## VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 158-159, other views, sizes, yardages)



5885

*Above:* Shirt, put-over, pants, and shorts: Vogue Pattern 5885; 10 to 18. For size 14, the shirt requires 2⅝ yards of fabric; put-over, 2⅛ yards; pants, 2¼ yards (all, 35″ fabrics without nap). Price, $1. In Canada, $1.10.



5900

*Above:* Long-sleeved Empire dress, Easy to Make: Vogue Pattern 5900; 10 to 16. Size 14 requires 2⅞ yards of 35″ fabric, cut crosswise. Pattern price, $1. In Canada, $1.10.

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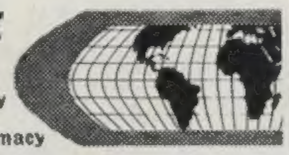
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